MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE ISSUE 79 $6.95

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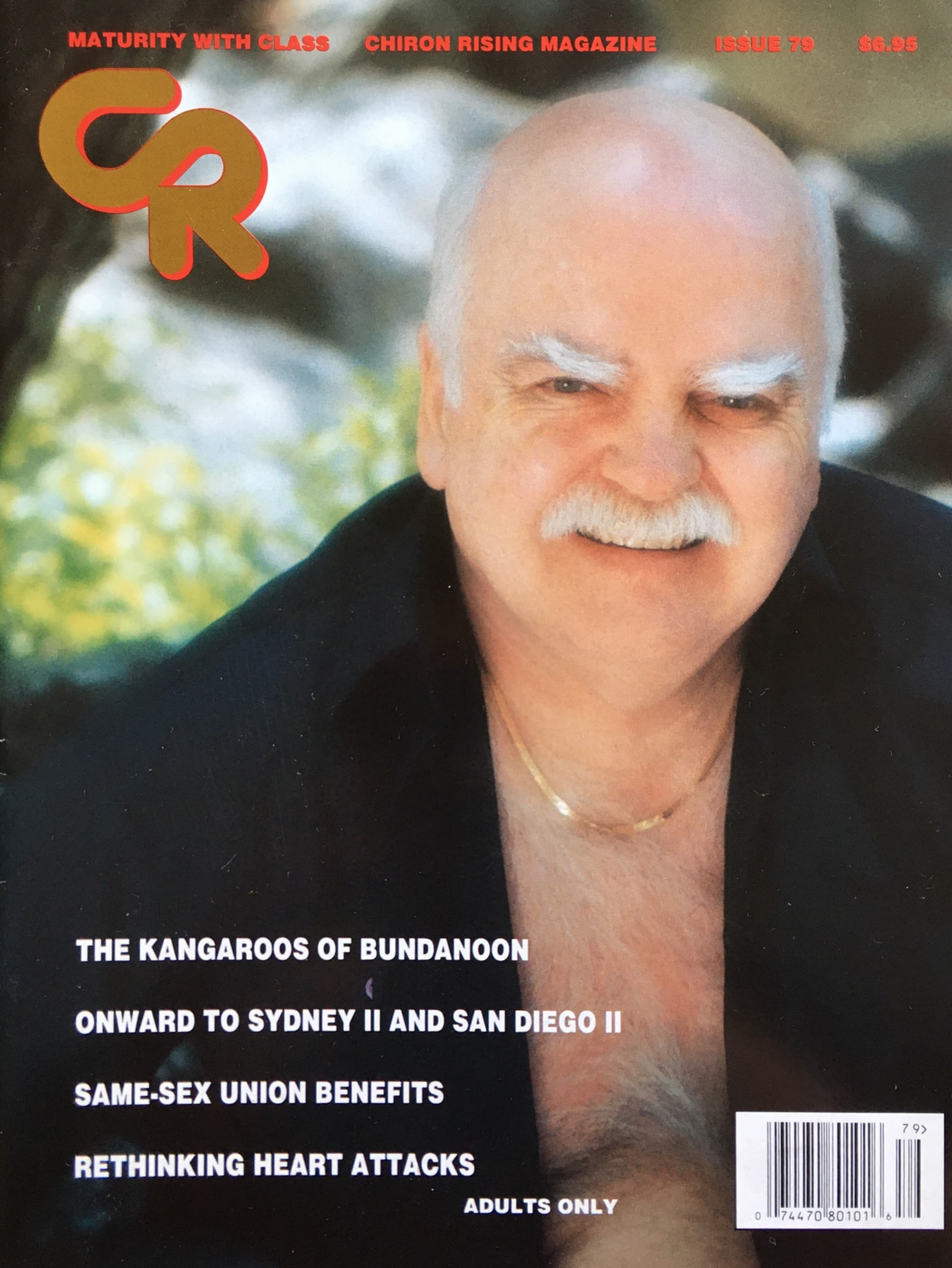

THE KANGAROOS OF BUNDANOON

ONWARD TO SYDNEY II AND SAN DIEGO II

SAME-SEX UNION BENEFITS

RETHINKING HEART ATTACKS

ADULTS ONLY

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0 74470 80101 6

TEDDY
BARE
MANNY

CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE ISSUE 79

FEATURES

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CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE

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To readers: The above address is for disclosure only. Not for correspondence.

PROFILES OF MODELS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, ARTISTS

MODELS

FRONT COVER, 30, 31

JIMBO: 64, 5'-11", 220#, North Carolina, single. Likes bowling, cooking, traveling, movies, autograph collecting. Looking for new friends between 25-45, trim, with similar likes. Photo will get same.

Page 2:

TEDDY BARE: 56, 5'-11", 190#, Tampa, single. Likes collecting the nude male in all art forms (no porno), collects federal duck stamps. Into nudism and learning the computer. Looking to correspond and make new friends with men, 35+. E-mail: TED844@aol.com

Page 20:

MR. B OF OKLAHOMA: 58, 5'-8", 165#, central Oklahoma, in an open relationship. Likes movies, travel, cooking and quiet evenings at home. Looking for friendship and correspondence with 62+, clean-shaven, chubby, nonsmoker, HIV negative and affectionate.

Page 21:

SAILOR'S MATE: 61, 5'-5", 155#, Northwest U.S., married and in an open relationship with CR model ROMULUS. Likes friends, psychology, art, riding, pen-pals, visits. Looking for married or single, gay or bi with similar interests for correspondence, possible meeting.

Page 25:

ROY E: 75, 5'-11", 180#, San Francisco Bay Area, single. Likes theatre, travel, reading, gardening, friends, massage, cooking, workouts, sex. Looking for friends, pen-pals, possibly a life partner, soul mate, traveling companion, social partner.

Page 26:

BARNEY: 35, 6 ft., 185#, San Francisco, in an open relationship. Likes older men, golf, music, theater, having fun in the sun. Looking for older men, 55+, who enjoy the company of a younger Southern Gentleman.

Page 27:

JAKE McKIM: 58, 6 ft., 190#, New York City, single. He's a bi male who lives leather. Not a fetish. He wears grey, teal, yellow and red hankies in his left pocket, but occasionally other pockets. Prefers 30-45 y/o but open to any intelligent, mature-minded guy who wears all his hankies in his right pocket. REBJAKEXXX@aol.com

OWL MAN: 53, 6 ft., 250#, Northern California, single. Likes camping, quiet evenings by a roaring fire, holding hands, nudity, fishing, music. Looking for mature, fun-loving men. Open to long-term relationship but also looking for friends. Age not important.

CHASE: 27, 5'-8", 211#, Southeastern Michigan, in an open relationship. Likes music, camping, intelligent conversation, painting and dancing. Looking for friends, correspondence, and occasional get togethers.

LITTLE RAB: 35, 5'-8", 180#, Seattle, in an open relationship with CR model SANTA STEVE. Likes theater, sports, travel, meeting new people from different parts of the world, sex with Daddy types. Looking for great looking men to meet and converse with.

Page 28:

FRANKLIN BILL: 42, 5'-5", 160#, Franklin, Mass., single. Likes sports, movies, plays, beaches, walking in the park. Looking for nice guy, 40s-60s, neat, clean-shaven.

HIGHWAY HARRY: 26, 5'-8", 220#, Palm Springs, single. Likes quiet times, traveling, movies. Looking for someone 40+, stocky, clean-cut, with a heart of gold, who likes to cuddle up in front of a fire.

NIAGARA: 36, 5'-9", 190#, Niagara Falls, New York, single. Likes fishing, hiking, walking, C/W music, and older men who wear boxer shorts. Looking for 50-68, clean-shaven, hairy bodied, husky, 200-230# gentleman.

Page 29:

DAVID OF THE NORTHWEST: 60, 5'-10", 195#, Seattle, single. Likes romance, reading, movies, eating out, garage sales, ocean, walking, traveling, meeting new friends. Looking for a long-term relationship with a gentleman who believes in 100% honesty and open communication, between the ages of 30-50.

TONTALAYA: 64, 5'-10", 220#, West-central Florida, single. Likes beach, theater, movies, travel, bicycling, cuddling, touching, hugging. Looking for slim 35+, sincere, honest, caring, loving, HIV negative, nonsmoker, light drinker for friendship and whatever.

TMR727@aol.com: 54, 6 ft., 185#, New England, single. Likes active/passive sorts, cooking, making friends, monogamy, communication. Looking for friendship, possible long-term relationship with younger. Age not important; level of maturity is.

GEORG OF GERMANY: 69, 83kg, 168 cm, Germany, in an open relationship with CR model W.R.. He likes embroidery and meeting new friends all over the world.

Page 32:

W.R.: 47, 1,80 m, 94 kg, Rhine/Main Germany, in an open relationship with GEORG OF GERMANY. Likes cooking, travel, and beaches. Looking for new acquaintances, friendship with 55+. Stocky, hairy (body), bearded are plusses, but no must.

CONNECTICUT DAVE: 70, 5'-11", 178#, Connecticut, single. Likes sharing thoughts and feelings, gay causes,

outdoors, church, travel. Looking for permanent retired companion, professional, fit, happy.

ANTRIC: 73, 6 ft., 200#, San Francisco, single. Likes mature men who are on social security and at peace with themselves. Looking for a few good men, quality not quantity, for friendship. Antric@worldnet.att.net

SANDGROPER: 74, 6 ft., 158#, Australia, single. Likes travel, films, photography, theatre, reading, quiet life-style. Looking for a friendly correspondent.

Page 33:

WAYFARER & SKIPPER: 35/59, 6 ft/5'-8", 206#/200#, Phoenix, in a closed relationship. Like horses, livestock, camping, quality people, outdoors. Looking for friends of all ages.

FRAN & SILVER HACKER: 72/33, 5'-7"/6'-2", 200#/180#, Colorado, in a closed relationship. Like music, computers, cars, movies, reading, good-looking men of all ages. Looking for friends to share arts, activities, entertainment and quality time.

HARVSCUB & WOTAN: 35/63, 5'-10"/6'-1", 230#/220#, San Antonio, in a closed relationship. Like exotic plants, nudity, computers, bowling, quiet evenings together. Looking for friendship with other couples.

Page 34:

SWISS I & SWISS II: 67/61, 174cm/178cm, 95 kg/100kg, Switzerland, in an open relationship. Like Swiss and German folk music, cats, beaches, railways, travel, nude beaches, the sea, big cities.

SONNY & SAN JOSE: 38/54, 5'-7"/5'-11", 240#/205#, San Jose, California, in a closed relationship. Like music, computers, art, football. Looking for new friends and couples for socializing.

MEGA BIT & LITTLE BIT: 60/27, 6'-4"/5'-5", 275#/152#, North Carolina summer-Florida winter. In a closed relationship. Like people, flea markets, cooking, traveling, movies, swimming. Looking for nice people to visit with them at their homes on the east coast.

Page 35:

HUNTER & CAJUN FOX: 38/72, 5'-10"/5'-10", 220#/190#, Texas, in a closed relationship. Like travel, antiques, entertaining, classical music. Looking for friendships.

Page 36:

HARRY S. 71, 5'-7", 230#, Kansas, married but not in a relationship with a man. Likes cuddling, loving, most things loving friends do. Looking for warm, nonpermanent relationship.

Page 39:

ROSEY: 68, 5'-7", 170#, Charlotte, single. Likes classic movies, music, art, fine dining. Looking for 25-50 or so, in fairly good shape, masculine.

Page 40:

BELLYWARMER & BELLY BEAR: 38/50, 5'-11"/5'-10", 185#/260#, Orlando, in a closed relationship. Interested in meeting other couples for friendship.

Page 48:

MIKIYA: 34, 6'-2", 175#, Arizona, single. Likes sailing, skiing, hiking, endless horizons, warm sun, deep breaths, long looks. Looking for 40+, 5'-10"+, masculine, hairy chested, voracious and opulent cuddler.

TOM MARKS: 52, 6'-3", 195#, Los Angeles, single. Likes home, work, his dog, theatre, travel, family. Looking for lover, younger, under 40, to help, love, share.

AQUARIUS ONE: 33, 5'-9", 279#, Washington, DC, single. Likes science fiction, movies, music. Looking for heavy-set men, any race, anywhere.

MATCH POINT: 37, 6'-1", 187#, Charlotte, single. Likes tennis, basketball. Looking for spiritual, physically fit, athletic gentleman, 48-62, clean-shaven, intelligent.

Page 51:

VIRGINIA ERNIE: 72, 5'-6", 142#, Miami Beach/New York, in an open relationship. Likes 45-65, husky, masculine, mature men for friends.

Page 59:

BLUE EYES: 41, 5'-8", 185#, England, single. Likes travel, cooking, gardening, swimming. Looking for chubby men over 225#, hairy, 55+, huggable, sincere, Daddy type.

BACK COVER:

IL NONNO: 56, 5'-4", 210#, Southeast Florida, in a closed relationship. Likes traveling, the beach, socializing with friends, and his 'significant other." Looking to meet more friends for correspondence and friendships.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

MIKE DEVEAU: 43, 5'-10", 220#, Palm Springs, single. He likes to have fun and is looking for other people to have fun with. Destined to photograph every hot mature man in the Palm Spring area.

JOEL: 32, Austin, in an open relationship with CR model THOM. He's always on the lookout for new models and has been known to travel widely just for the perfect shot.

MACRO : 30, 5'-11", 205#, Salt Lake City. In a long-term, open relationship with his burly hubby, GLENNSPORT.

MANNY : 48, 6'-3", 235#, Maryland, single. Looking for a long-term relationship with just the right mature, masculine, husky gentleman, 50+, who is healthy and hairy. Short and stocky men turn him on as well as the big and burly kind. The best cover-quality photographer around.

OK HANK: 36, 5'-10", 210#, Midwest, single. Likes movies, music, motocycles, good friends. Looking for CR friends around the world.

PHOTOMAN: Late 40s, St. Louis, single. An expert at getting hot, mature men (as well as admirers) to take it all off for the camera. Very much likes to get to know same intimately. A retired professional photographer who will travel for a good photo shoot.

ARTISTS

TIWA is a distinguished young watercolor and drawing artist living in Thailand. He would very much like to sell artwork to people outside Thailand, but he wants to get feedback from CR readers first.

RAY ROMERO is back! He's a 32-year-old Tucson working artist into antique vehicles, motorcycles, and mature, rugged men, 45+.

FORUM

THE BIG WAIT

Soooo glad to get Issue 78. If anybody understands how things can get screwed up (and maybe an issue doesn't get printed), it is I. It just makes receiving the 11th Anniversary Issue even sweeter! And, I am holding my breath in excited anticipation to read about the Annual Sydney Gathering in upcoming #79. By the way, the picture on page 5 shows you two handsome dudes with the Sydney harbor and skyline in the background. Pat, my question is: where DID you get that "Opera Hat"? I've GOT to have one. Robert and I are looking forward to seeing you in Orlando. San Diego was a long time ago, and I am ready to get a major "fix" seeing old friends and meeting new ones! C-Risers really are the best Mature Gentlemen of Quality anywhere! BEARMATE

I thought as long as I was sending mail to be forwarded, I'd also let you know that Issue 78 came yesterday and was well worth the little extra wait. I'm always happy to see one of Pug Snider's stories, as he's one of my favorite contributors, along with Ralph Kelley. To be fair though, all the contributors are great, but Pug and Ralph are proof that octogenarians and Septuagenarians can still offer something in our youth-oriented society. I think you do pretty good in presenting a diversified selection of models in each issue, someone for everybody's taste. Personally, hunks like Layton House, Tiger, Freddy Gator, Aries II, Chuckee and Capt'n Honey are turn-ons, but I'd be pretty selfish if I expected nothing but heavy-set seniors. L.A./GEORGIA

Thank you for your letter announcing the delay of CR #78. I know you have to write such letters for some of your readers who are sticklers for punctual arrival; for myself, I just look on the magazine as a splendid bonus which arrives from time to time and gives me great pleasure. Still, I'm glad to know that it will be with me one day: I might have begun to miss it eventually. C.T./TORONTO

YES! What a pleasure to get your letter after a hard day and realize someone else has it as tough as me. Slapped yourself around? "Thanks, I needed that!" Take care of yourselves first, then pour your creative ability into the magazine, and the rest will follow. How ironic that the best work you've done in years should be the last issue of CR Classics. Have fun with the concept again! J.S./ATLANTA

I think this might be a good time to just say thank you for all of the really good things that you two have done for us, your subscribers. And you really have, you know! I can remember the first time that I saw a copy of SWAN. I was absolutely amazed that there was even anything out there like that. As soon as I could, I subscribed to what had then become Chiron Rising. I think that may have been about the time that you changed names. It was also the time that I was going from having been a married man of some 30 years to one who now had a male lover. You don't know how much insight you gave me personally into this life-style change, but you have entertained us, informed us about important subject matter, and given us new and wonderful friends in the process. We all owe you a lot! So instead of worrying that our next issue will be late, let's just look at all the really good things and say, "Hey, guys, thanks for everything. We care about you and sincerely wish you the best!" We really do, you know! See you in May in Orlando. D &D/SOUTH CAROLINA

Card front: KICK SOME BUTT! KICK SOME BUTT! KICK SOME BUTT! Card inside: THERE. CONSIDER YOURSELF "ENCOURAGED"! Personal message inside: I know this isn't your "typical" anniversary card, but then, just what is typical about Chiron Rising. You guys have done a great service for the older man, and I for one do sincerely appreciate all your efforts. All the best for a bunch more years to come. R.W.L./TEXAS

Happy Easter! The rebirth of CR is the best gift that you guys could ever give us guys out here who looked forward so devoutly to each and every issue. Thanks! I'm sure you had to deal with a lot of ball busters, but I'm sure the men who admire and respect your magazine as well as you two personally, outnumber the schmucks by at least 1000 to one! Bet on it! Thank you also for the two bereavement referrals. They are both such nice guys with the same problem: loneliness, the number one disaster of loss. Love you both. J.T./NEW YORK

Thank you for taking the time and effort and the expense of explaining about the February issue's not getting published. For two weeks I thought that mine had been lost in the mail. I had every intention of writing to tell you this but never quite got around to it. Then, your letter came. Thanks.! People like me who are not "In The Loop," so to speak, know nothing about which you speak. When you cut out certain previously offered materials and regional meetings, I could guess that you were not being properly supported. However, I don't network with anyone who knows anything about what is going on at CR. Perhaps if we had a better idea what the problems are, we could be more helpful. At some point, I thought CRPI was flying high, hiring additional employees, announcing new ideas and events. But I guess not. Maybe you should level with us at the upcoming Gathering in Orlando. J.N./FLORIDA

Those truly "in the loop" were our avid readers who stayed on top of the continuity and could read between the lines when I had to be vague for legal reasons. Now that we've gone back to a two-man op-

eration and begun to claw our way back, we both feel that the painful past is best left behind. B & P

Just received your open letter to subscribers today and opened it with some degree of apprehension, aware that things have not gone very well for you as of late, and expecting to read that CR was folding. I was feeling a real sense of loss, since yours is the only magazine to which I now subscribe, and realizing that there is no other mag out there to fill the void for those of us who appreciate mature men of all shapes and sizes. I was greatly relieved to learn that you have pulled it back together and that your wonderful publication will continue. We can do without one issue, but a future without CR seems grim indeed. So keep up the good work, and forget about those "illusions of grandeur." There's way too much of that out there already. You have something very special to be proud of. Many thanks.! M.R./Los Angeles

Your letter about having to change publishing dates just arrived. Let me assure you that whenever the publication gets here it will be appreciated. Also I want you to know that I do not know what you are going through, but change happens and it is okay. So I will adjust and anticipate the enjoyment that I have always received from the CR mag. From personal experience, I know that it is not easy to operate a small business and keep it in the black. It means constant adjustment and change. Many times it means that we have to go back and evaluate what we are really trying to accomplish. Again I want to thank you for opening up a whole new wonderful world for me. We become so insular and your efforts help me to put my life and experiences into perspective. Look forward to Orlando. I am behind your energy, love and concern for your fellow man. N.G./TAMPA

It's extraordinarily difficult to place a positive spin on life in general when it starts with a precipitous drop through a bloody tube and ends with a scary, often pain-racked event called DEATH, interspersed along the way with an inordinate amount of aggravation, betrayal, disappointment, struggle, grief, and pain. No wonder then that an occasional luscious meal or a great piece of ass is greeted with so much gratitude. You should see how enraptured I am when CR appears in my box! R.B./San Francisco

I just wanted to say that I do quite a bit of travel, and I bring your magazine with me to entertain myself in my lonely hours. It's a great magazine, and your staff is making it better and better all the time. I am a married man who always knew what I liked. When I found your magazine and saw I was not alone in my tastes, a new horizon opened up for me. You keep it in view for many of us I'm sure. Keep up the good work. (MIKE via E-MAIL)

THE ORDER OF THE SILVER SIMBA

I'm writing in response to all the OSS members who unselfishly and unhesitatingly took the time to console this grieving individual. Words can never express my feeling of loneliness and despair which were brought into my life by the death of my mate six months ago. After almost 25 years of being together, it's so hard to let go of the hand you've grown so accustomed to holding. I know my grieving time is long from being over—God knows George would want me to be strong—but it's so exhausting without him. They say that now is the time one has to find the way of the future, but during this time I'm finding so many things I'm unsure of. Even the simplest things can be so hard. I'm constantly asking George what I should do: "Am I doing this right? What do you think? Why did you leave me?" I know down deep he didn't want to. I truly hope everyone will go through this period of grief as I am, because if you do then I'll know you all have loved as I did. There's nothing greater than knowing you have been loved. I said at his service, "To love another person is to see the face of God." One thing I finally realized was that I cannot go through this grieving by myself. I called Pat at CR, and I'm glad I did. I called him twice, actually, and both times he stopped and listened and gave me his time, which I needed. He also had OSS members in my area contact me. God bless all the Order of the Silver Simba members who reached out and helped me. Their calls and visits were of great comfort to me. I must now try and find my way on my own, even though I know he'll always be with me. I'll always know his love, for we're no longer two people but one. This kind of serenity comes but once in a lifetime. God bless you all! J.M./MIDWEST

I must thank you so very much for the results of my joining the Silver Simba group. I received your letter last Thursday and that evening received four support calls. What a great surprise! On Sunday, another call, and two letters arrived in the mail on Monday. You must understand that, though gay, I am forced to live a very straight life. I live in a retirement community. My friend Fred and I did much work to get this place "organized" (activities program, monthly magazine, etc.), all of which was most appreciated by the residents. Though nothing was ever said, I am certain that everyone knew we were gay. Then Fred died, and here I am, alone, but getting used to it. Where I live is not a gay area. I have four or five gay friends whom I manage to see a couple of times a year, but I am the proverbial "fifth wheel." And there you are. I had no idea there was a group of older gay men anywhere. I now feel that I belong—as an outsider, but I DO belong. A very thoughtful and kind man (Al) drove all the way from Pennsylvania (2-1/2 hours away!) and spent the weekend with me. It was wonderful just having someone to talk to. My only complaint is that the response was "overwhelming." Too much at one time for me (age 72). I still miss Fred after 25 years of growing together, but I am also beginning to accept the fact that "life goes on." Once again, sincerest thanks for all you have done. I appreciate it from the bottom of my heart. Perhaps one day we will meet and I can thank you personally. R.P./New Jersey

We seek no gratitude—just a lot more members and a decline in those suffering alone. B & P

I'm finally writing to you for a subscription, which I have wanted for so long. All my life I have had to play the role of a straight person so that I could work and make a living. I have always been afraid of what people would think of me or how I would be treated if they knew I was gay. Most all of my friends are straight and would never suspect anything about my life-style. To them, my lover is my uncle, and they believe that after 31 years. I would like so much to write to some of your models, and I will soon. They are so beautiful. Well you know what I mean. I have dreamed about them long before I ever saw your magazine. I am so lonely, and your magazine is such a comfort to me that I had to subscribe. My lover is suffering from Alzheimers's now but we have had a wonderful life together. He is 86 and I'm 50. No one else in his family cares about him or wants to be bothered with taking care of him. To me it's not a bother; it's a privilege, and he will be treated with love, respect and dignity until the end. He is my whole world. I am not very good with words and have difficulty expressing what I feel in my heart. But I have so much love to give, and someday, hopefully through your magazine, I will again find someone to return that love. I'll try to get away to meet you when you're in Orlando this year. I don't live very far away. Thank you very much for your courage and commitment to us. God bless the men who suffer. D.O./ Florida

D.O. hasn't joined OSS as yet, but we will attempt to get his telephone number and allow us to place him in touch with other members in his area. B & P

I lost two lovers, one in a freak accident and the other (the love of my life) to AIDS. Thank God I have a loving and understanding family. A few friends and my family were there for me. Their kind thoughtfulness, compassion, and support saw me through the truly dark days and into the promise of brighter days to come. Because of my experiences and my desire to help others, I would like to offer my time and "school of hard knocks" knowledge to others. I'm a good listener (sometimes that is so important), and I can provide some sound advice. Please feel free to contact me if someone in my general area needs support or compassion. I would also "be there" for anyone by phone. D.M./DENVER

The last thing in the world you need right now is yet another suggestion for something that will spread you even thinner. But give me a hearing, please. Those who have lost their partners and those suffering major illnesses aren't the only ones suffering. I have two penpals—one in Idaho and one in Missouri—who are so lonely and isolated and despairing that they are comtemplating suicide. Is there any way the Order of the Silver Simba concept could be adapted to include those men? So many are trapped with fixed or no incomes in gay-hostile regions without anyone to turn to. Finding buddies for these guys would be like introducing them to angels. J.F./DALLAS

One of the most terrifying and stressful things we contend with here is attempting to convince someone not to take his own life. We drop everything and call those who we feel (or hear) may be contemplating suicide. So many times it is an isolated, lonely, single or widowered man who would do a whole hell of a lot better with some friends around him. Most agree not to give up and promise to reach out more within our network. Over the past 10 years, four wonderful, talented men have successfully killed themselves. All sent final letters of appreciation for our caring, but the messages hardly consoled us. Our plans for expansion of the Order of the Silver Simba will be revealed in a future issue. B & P

OZ ONE

The inaugural CRPI Sydney Regional Assembly was a wonderful experience for those who attended. Thank you so much for bringing the CR spirit of friendship and comradeship all the way to Australia. We do appreciate your efforts, especially considering the financial burden CR has had to bear in hosting this event. Mature gay men (and their admirers) are a minority within a minority. We don't fit into gay society. Being outsiders in both the gay and straight world makes it difficult for us to reach out to other like-minded men or to positively embrace and celebrate our differences and sexuality. We too want to belong and to connect with others. For some of us the Sydney Gathering was the first opportunity we've had to meet with other like-minded men. There were men in attendance from as far away as Tasmania and Western Australia. We also enjoyed meeting those wonderful American guys who travelled all the way from the U.S. Thank you for making it happen in Australia, and I hope that there will be future events in Sydney and that more people will discover CR (and all that it offers) as I did one year ago. Thank you. PETER/ SYDNEY

We'll never forget Peter. We had the privilege of sitting next to him at breakfast and were very impressed with him. Very sharp and very real. A jewel. After we returned home, we found that he'd sent us a beautiful coffee table book on Sydney. B & P

I just want to say thank you for everything! I hope your stay in Australia turned out to be an enjoyable one. I know both AUSSIE II and I really enjoyed meeting you both and the other men from CR. Even though the numbers were lower than you expected, it was probably better for us, because it gave us a chance to spend more time with you two. I mean, I imagine it would be difficult to get any time with you when you have to organize 2000 men at a Gathering. It was great to be able to meet so many other nice people in the right kind of atmosphere. You should be pleased with the way things went. I just hope in the not too distant future we will be able to visit the States and attend one of your Gatherings. After meeting you, this has now become a priority. Sorry for not being able

to make the breakfast, but we stayed up until about four in the morning, talking about CR, what happened at the dinner, and our plans to go to the States. Didn't get out of bed until midday. A proper good-bye next time. AUSSIE I/SYDNEY

EVOLVING

In the past I was one of your staunch supporters by way of the magazine stand. I guess the older you get, the less you worry about what others think of your selection of reading material. So at 34 I have decided to become a subscriber. I have been an avid fan since reading my first issue back in the late 80s, but like others, I thought I would be ostracized by my friends for my attraction to mature men. Well, guess what? The friends I thought would always be there for me are not, but your magazine is. I regret not writing sooner to tell you how appreciated your efforts are. I guess the next step is to take out an ad in order to meet the gentleman of my future, because as I see it, the past is just that: the past. A SATISFIED CUSTOMER IN BALTIMORE

THOSE WHO DON'T

I've been following the development of SWAN/CR for as long as you've been publishing and would like to offer my two cents. As late as 1984, the only options for mature men and admirers were "OC" bars, parks and rest stops. Today there are six homoerotic magazines that feature more mature men; a huge worldwide organization exclusively for older gay and bisexual men and admirers; and a schedule of parties, conventions, gatherings and convergences that boggles the mind. Anyone who says that CR wasn't the pioneer and catalyst for all this is a fool.

That said, let's go to my point: With an outstanding product like CR and several million mature men in the world who want some degree of homosexual activity in their lives, you'd think that CR would be the size of *Playboy*, but it just ain't so. Whenever I try to push CR to some of my friends, I get, "What do I need with a magazine? I've got better things to do with my time. Besides, the magazine doesn't show younger men, and I like younger men." I used to think that perhaps I should try to convince these people that young men in great numbers read CR and would probably salivate over photos of my friends, but now I think it's best to just leave them in their intellectual rut. I have to accept the fact that even though CR means everything to me, it probably means nothing to most senior gay men.

I spend a lot of time in Palm Springs and can fully understand why there are virtually no stores selling CR. Why buy a magazine if some of the best looking senior men in the world hang out in Rainbow Cactus? If you're soaking up the hedonistic life-style and everything's going your way, you certainly don't want to hear about finding help for bereavement or the latest in the treatment for high blood pressure. Is that all there is to life? Then let's keep dancing. Why cross the tidal pond for you, babe? I got *la dolce vita!*

A pleasure-driven life-style also sucks a lot of people into a clique, and as everyone knows, cliques have an "in" list and an "out" one too. Have a fallout with a clique spearheaded by some jaded fop with a diamond ear stud and capped teeth, and you might as well move to Oxnard. No need to do anything wrong to get on some diva's shit list; *someone* has to be on it, and it's usually some nice, average, gullible Joe with a small dick. You probably know that you and CR are always at the top of most Palm Springs shit lists in spite of what you have accomplished. It's considered trendy to dish you and "*Chiffon* Rising," and the sheer volume of outrageous rumors originating from Palm Springs would shut AOL down if the little missives went by e-mail. The problem with Palm Springs is that the cliques are getting a little too large for one imperious asshole to rule. Some megalomaniacs get dethroned and have to start their own mega-clique (read: cult), and before you know it there is a bitter feud going on—polarized camps armed with spit and venom, if you will. Except for the lushes who hit 'em all, one must choose his cocktail hour mixers carefully any more, or he'll go to the wrong one and get a drink poured into his shorts. And who has time for a magazine with all those parties to go to?

CR is not campy or political enough for most more flamboyant types (do they still call them queens?). CR very boldly solicits interest from natural men, not females with dicks. Attend a gathering and you can rest assured that no one in a boa will shout, "You GO, girl." I saw one elderly screamer reading CR once at a party in Rancho Mirage. He asked to anyone in earshot, "My God, where's the bar news?"

Quite a few mature men have a distinctly sexual outlook on life. The artistry of a well photographed nude is lost on them. "No penises, please, unless they are erect and about to violate an orifice." While some of us get lost in the eyes of FURRY DADDY, others go into a frenzy over the photo of a piss slit dripping precum. Interface with the organ is everything; personality and chemistry be damned. (Who needs camembert if you can have smegma?) Would you believe that there are men out there who still despise you for insinuating that nude parties (aka orgies) can spread hepatitis? After that, big time rationalization: *mouths cannot receive serious disease* (and naturally, hepatitis, T.B., herpes, influenza, etc. aren't serious diseases).

And then there are the prudes. These gentlemen equate nudity with pornography and won't have anything more revealing than *The Advocate* in their houses. "But what would my lesbian friends think?" I wonder how many of these had to potty with the door open during puberty?

Okay, enough! CR isn't for everyone, but let's not cry over it. Which brings us to the largest group of men who don't read CR: the ones who have yet to hear about it. You and we soldiers have much work to do. SILVER SPY/PALM SPRINGS

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THE KANGAROOS OF BUNDANOON

P.H. Colley

Back when we were primping for prime time and boasting that we were on the verge of becoming a major publication, we planned a "gathering" cruise from Sydney to Singapore. The travel agent was very convincing. "You host the trip, and if you can get at least 10 cabins filled, you and your partner can go free." Can't beat that, we thought, so, intoxicated with our Gathering successes, we booked a hotel in Sydney.

A couple of months went by without any more than a couple of takers for the cruise, so we cancelled the cruise while we still could and opted for just a regional gathering in Sydney. We figured that if we could get 300 guys to attend, we would break even and perhaps break ground on a yearly international gathering. Besides, the hotel contract couldn't be cancelled without a huge cancellation penalty.

On the eve of departure for down under, we realized that we had booked a very expensive vacation instead of a gathering. Only 30 men had signed up. The gay Sydney press laughed at us when we asked for some publicity. Two primary gay senior organizations—one in Melbourne and the other in Sydney—couldn't have been less cool toward us. The bright spot was the Hyatt Regency Sydney hotel management, who declined to penalize us for meeting only 10% of our commitment.

Another bright spot was evident as we boarded the Qantas 747 in Los Angeles. Airline in-flight service may be near-nonexistent in the U.S., but it still lives on big time on international flights, especially at Qantas. The dreaded long flight was almost pleasurable after I dozed off just north of the Tropic of Cancer and awakened right over Fiji. Sure, we were still four hours out of Sydney, but hell, we were in the southern hemisphere! And breakfast was about to be served.

The landing in Sydney was spectacular. No book or documentary or photos can do this area of the world justice. You have to see it yourself. Nothing could have prepared me for the Sydney experience. Okay, so I heard someone say once that San Francisco was nothing compared to Sydney, but I found it hard to believe.

We were met by "Our Man in Sydney," MICHAEL ROGERS, a delightful 6'-5" (his partner is 6'-8"!) Aussie who offered to help us plan and implement the event. He was as pissed as we that we got such a cool reception, but none of us dwelled on it. Instead, we jumped into his car and headed for the hotel in sweltering summer heat. It had rained in Sydney for two weeks prior our arrival, and the humidity was about 120%.

Michael very wisely dropped us off at the hotel and told us to call him when we were ready to have lunch. I was suffering from jet lag and wanted to get some sleep, but Bruce, suffering not at all, insisted that I stay awake. One look out over the Sydney Opera House, the Harbour Bridge and the awesome harbor, however, and I was convinced. I didn't want to miss anything.

Later, MAINE JIM and O.K. HANK arrived via Air New Zealand. The four of us had converged on LAX from three locations within the same hour and had dined together while awaiting Jim's and Hank's flight from L.A. to Sydney by way of Auckland. They'd left two hours earlier than we and arrived two hours later, but the special $1,000 price tag was a hell of a lot better than the full-fare economy price of $3,700. Shortly thereafter, AUSSIE I (one of our very popular identical twin models from Sydney) showed up, so we enlisted Michael to lead us to a nice restaurant for lunch.

The six of us ate at a small Italian restaurant about a block from the hotel. The experience was nothing like dining Italian in the U.S. Instead of ubiquitous tomato-sauced pasta with

photo by OK HANK

PAT ***BRUCE*** ***MAINE JIM*** ***LEONARDO***

an American attitude, this restaurant served Northern Italian cuisine with an Aussie flair. On the same block were at least ten other restaurants, all smaller but equally as good. I wondered aloud if this was a sort of restaurant row, but our hosts assured us that even better restaurants were only a two-kilometer walk away on Oxford Street, in the middle of the gay section.

Michael assured us that we couldn't have chosen a better location than the Hyatt Regency, which is situated at the top of William Street at the edge of Kings Cross, a "sleazy" (semi-naughty and wild by U.S. standards) area filled with night clubs, strip joints, video arcades, and some drug activity. Most of the major attractions in Sydney are within a reasonable walk or short cab/train ride from the hotel. Downtown is only two kilometers away, and the Opera House is only 3 km. Circular Quay, the main terminus for ferries, busses and trains, is a little over 1.5 km from the Hyatt Regency.

After we returned to the hotel, our host for apres-gathering activities arrived. COCKATOO REX is a dashing, urbane businessman from Bundanoon, a bush town somewhere between Sydney and Canberra. He's sort of an Australian Cary Grant with glasses. He and his partner, SNOWY, had invited the four of us Yanks to come visit their farm after the gathering was over, and I think they were somewhat surprised when we accepted the invitation. It wasn't long before we realized an immediate social bonding between COCKATOO REX and MAINE JIM. The resulting repartee was sheer agony for the unmirthful and those who can take but a little of rapidly firing witticisms and deliciously wicked yet good-natured barbs .

And just when we thought it couldn't get much better, along came CR models KOALA and SPINNER, who'd spent 12 hours driving down from their home north of Brisbane. This rugged, good-looking pair made a lot of friends at the '96 Gathering. They steal your heart with a great blend of warmth, genuineness, and ribald humor.

At one point, none of the other Yanks were in the room, leaving me alone with seven or eight Aussies. I just had to remark that it was refreshing being the "alien" instead of the host for a change and having my native hosts regard me with such friendly curiosity. Of course, that led to a lot of exchange of perceptions.

I was fascinated with two: 1)Yanks have no idea what Australia and Australians are all about, and 2) Aussies really don't believe all the horror stories they hear about the U.S.A. Yanks visiting Australia for the first time find that their preconceptions are all wrong. No brochure, book, television show or movie could prepare one for the sparkling beauty of the place. Sydney itself is incredibly clean, vibrant, boldly colorful, efficient and visitor-friendly. The only thing menacing about the city is the fact that traffic moves opposite of that in the U.S. Sure, they have crime, but it pales in comparison to that in say L.A. or Miami. It is easy to be misled into believing that Australia is "behind" us several years and will eventually experience these same problems, but that isn't the case. Take commodes, for instance. Instead of a swirl, the water just plunges downward. At first, we were disappointed that we couldn't watch the water swirl counter-clockwise, like we'd been told it would do in the southern hemisphere. Then it occurred to us that these commodes are far more efficient that those in the U.S. Lots of little things in Australia are different and work better that in the U.S., and it dawned on me that Australians don't just rubber stamp what we do. They manufacture their own cars, and their currency makes ours look like cheap monopoly money.

I pointed out that the big news story in the papers was about a body found in a lake south of Sydney. The citizens were horrified. There were no murders or shoot-outs reported, however. They all gave me a look which asked, "And your point is...?" I filled them in on the usual L.A. body count reported on the morning news every day and how 15 murders over a weekend is nothing in L.A. I watched their expressions as they began to realize that I was telling

photo by
OK HANK

(l/r): BRUCE, MAINE JIM, SPINNER, LEONARDO, COCKATOO REX, PAT, KOALA

the truth. Not stopping there, I related how many bank robberies and running gun battles we've had in Victorville—all L.A. gang related. Their eyes widened as I told them how many times we have been threatened and how we two antigun nuts had evolved into owners of a small arsenal.

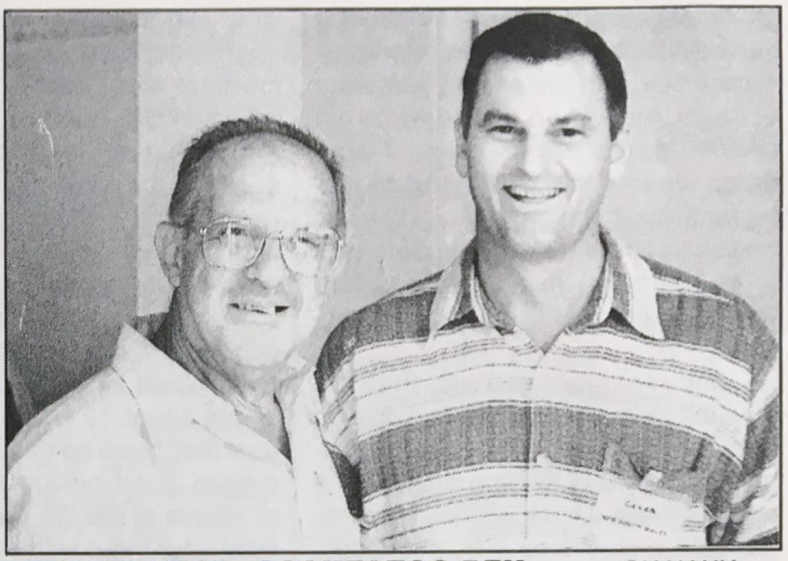
The next morning REX, JIM, HANK, BRUCE and I connected with another CR model, LEONARDO from Ohio, and set off for Circular Quay and a boat trip to Manly Beach. When we arrived, the first thing I noticed was how orderly and clean everything was. There were bright colors everywhere and a multitude of tidy shops selling everything from T-shirts to exotic food. There was a cacophony of harbor sounds intermixed with bits of German, Japanese, Korean and Spanish. A female student performed Poulenc on her silver Haynes flute while, not far away, a young man with ebony skin played a huge wooden tube decorated with Aboriginal symbols. Tourists gathered around him as he seemed to go into a trance while the "horn" emitted a haunting and hypnotic blend of lyric melody and percussive rhythmic patterns.

The ferry ride to Manly Beach was so entrancing that I lost all perception of time. The spray of salt water was delicious upon my face, and the elegant houses sitting atop the rock cliffs spawned fantasies of living large down under. Again, the orderliness, the vibrant colors. Even the harbor water seemed pristine. I searched the eyes of the other Yanks and could see that they were as impressed as I. Then I looked at REX's playful expression just as he said, "How did I get stranded with five bloody yanks?"

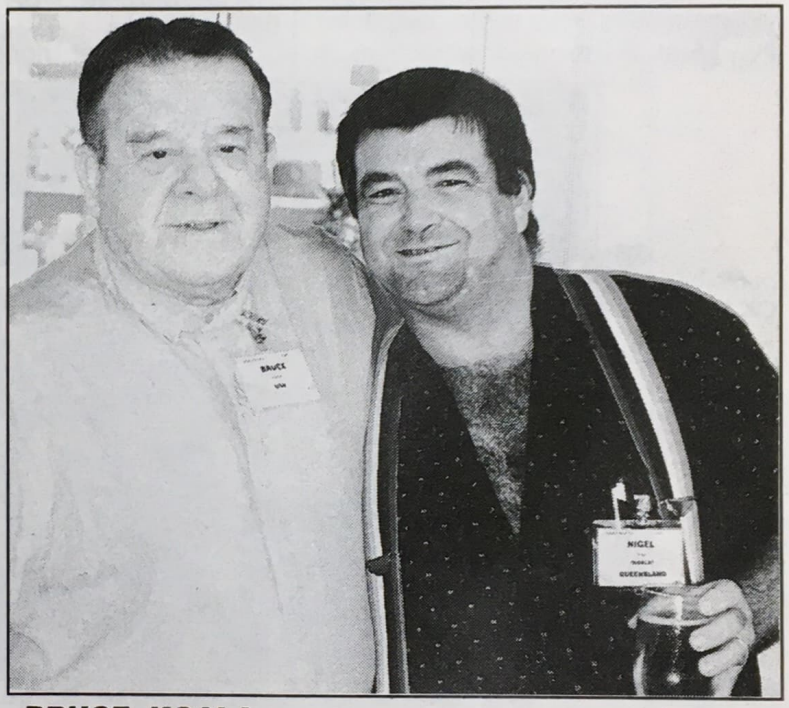
Manly Beach is to Southern California's Huntington Beach as lobster is to pollock. Don't get me wrong, I love Huntington Beach—it would be the first California beach city I would take a guest—but Manly is a place that defies description. It is as clean or cleaner than Sydney, and luminous colors from all directions make you want to dance down the street. From the dock to the beach—about five or six blocks—we must have passed at least six stores that sold opals, Coogi apparel and Crocodile Dundee hats. Restaurants and fast food shops were everywhere, and I counted eight different cuisines. By the time we reached the beachfront street, I had changed my choice for lunch about four times. Then, suddenly, as far as the eye could see, another five or six blocks of restaurants and shops.

The beach wasn't too crowded, but it had plenty of gray-haired daddies to "perv" (KOALA lingo for ogle). The sand was free of debris, the water nice and clear. We sat at a picnic bench and just soaked it all in while polite, angelic looking gulls (a smaller species than those found in California) patrolled for leftovers.

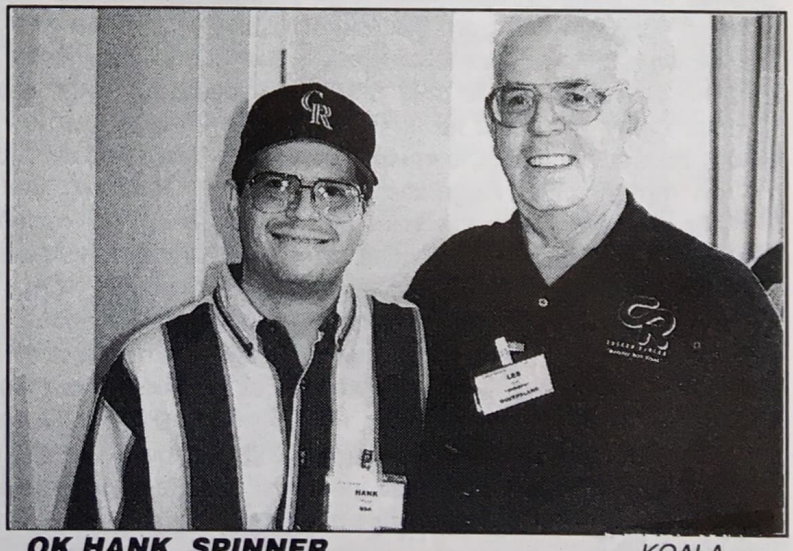
When we returned to Sydney, we decided to check out a much touted exhibition of nude male photography at the Art Gallery of New South Wales. The spe-



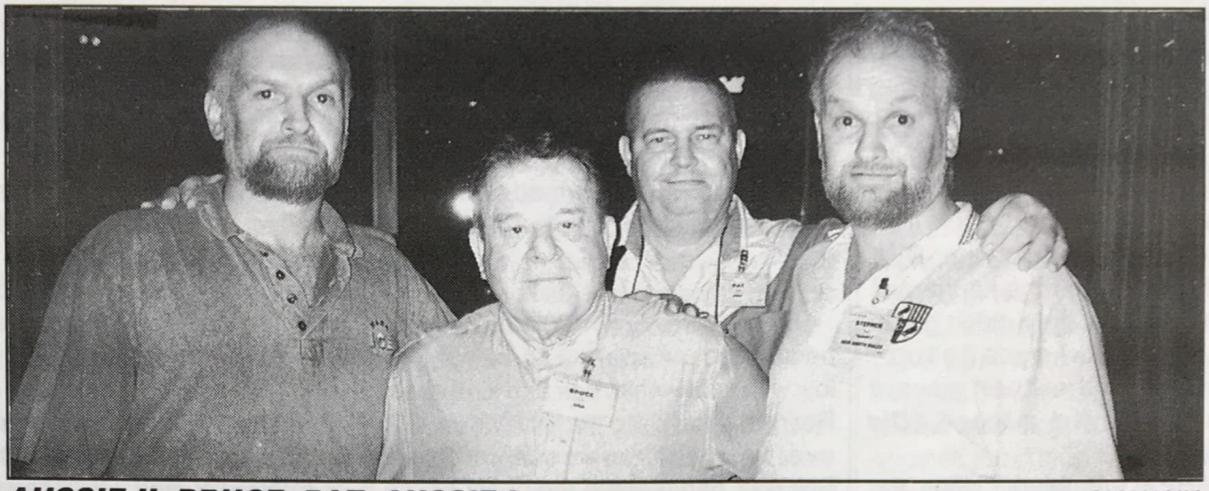
TASSIE DEVIL, COCKTATOO REX *OK HANK*



BRUCE, KOALA *OK HANK*



OK HANK, SPINNER *KOALA*



AUSSIE II, BRUCE, PAT, AUSSIE I *OK HANK*

cial exhibition (for Gay Mardi Gras) was a wash, but we thoroughly enjoyed the other permanent exhibits. Some of the more modern works were downright stunning, and one of the security guards fell in love with Bruce (he couldn't get over how much Bruce looked like Winston Churchill).

The following Saturday morning, we were joined by KOALA and SPINNER and had breakfast at a sidewalk cafe across from the El Alamein Fountain on Darlinghurst. The food was great, and the ambiance was perfect, making way for some serious spiritual bonding. By that time, we Yanks had totally fallen in love with our Aussie friends.

I really didn't expect much enthusiasm from the Hyatt Regency staff, but the reception and dinner were beautifully handled. Drinks were generously butlered and doors to a huge terrace were opened so that we had a magnificent view of the harbor and Sydney skyline. Dinner was set up boardroom style, which created a very intimate setting, and the service and food were excellent.

After my disastrous speech in Charlotte, I vowed never to speak before a group again, but I was shamed into saying a few words after dinner. Normally I can't recite my own name without notes, but I was so impressed with our Aussie fans that I was able to express my thanks for the support of the 35 guys who showed up.

As I sat back down, KOALA stood and proceeded to speak passionately and eloquently about why Australian CR fans should network with each other. He asked that we schedule another gathering in Sydney and vowed that he and the others would do all they could to increase the delegates for 1998. Other men stood and spoke from their hearts about what CR has done for them. I looked at Bruce and knew what he was thinking. We had to try again in 1998.

The following morning, REX, JIM, HANK, BRUCE and I piled into a stretch limousine and headed for the airport, where a rental van awaited us. Since I was so disoriented by just being a pedestrian and having to look a different way for oncoming traffic, I wasn't about to drive us all half way to Canberra. REX was recruited for the job.

Actually REX liked driving us a little too well. After stopping for lunch at a rather exotic (for Yanks) seafood restaurant in a park on the edge of Botany Bay, we headed south along the coast destined for Wollongong. REX drove and drove through endless scenes of stark beauty, through towns perched precariously atop sheer 200 foot cliffs, through a lush rain forest with winding roads and bottomless canyons. As the

COCKATOO REX, BRUCE *Bundanoon* *OK HANK*

late afternoon sun began to enrich the color of verdant inland hills, we stopped in a quaint little town and had ice cream while REX called his partner SNOWY. (He said that he had told SNOWY: "Please forgive me, my love. They're barbarians.")

An hour out of Bundanoon, REX said, "Gee, I hope that the kangaroos will be there. Hope they didn't go off and hide. You'll think I made it all up. "

I glanced in the back toward BRUCE and JIM, who quipped, "***Did*** you make it all up?"

Later, REX mumbled, "Hope the Sulphur-crested Cockatoos will still be there. God, you'll think me a fool."

"When do we get to the bush?" asked HANK.

"This IS the bush," said REX. "See?" He pointed at a yellow wombat crossing sign as we came upon a wooded ridge surrounded by lush farm land.

As darkness began to fall, REX pulled off a narrow paved road and onto a well-maintained white gravel road. "This is our farm," he said. Ahead we could see a road leading into a dense gum (eucalyptus) forest. He introduced by name several cows which seemed to be waiting for us near the fence.

"Let's see if they're down here." REX turned away from the road to the house and drove slowly down a road separating his property from his neighbor's. About a quarter mile down the road, he said, "Thank God."

We looked toward the forest and saw 15 to 20 kangaroos bouncing off into the bush. REX grinned at his Yank house guests and drove back to the house.

Of course, SNOWY turned out to be an absolute angel: a short, wiry fellow with snow-white hair and kind eyes. Retired, he tends to the farm while REX oversees the business in town. SNOWY had readied the guest house for us and wanted to give us some pointers before we went off on our own. He warned us of the many poisonous snakes indigenous to that area and suggested that we always carry a torch (flashlight) and make noise if we had to walk from the guest house to the main house at night. We talked for a bit, but the trip had exhausted all of us. It was time to hit the sack.

The next morning we were awakened by wild shrieks, and I heard HANK yell something about cockatoos. "Hundreds of 'em!" he exclaimed.

I made Bruce and me some hot tea and walked outside the very comfortable guest cottage. Atop giant gum trees sat huge cockatoos with bright yellow crests. On the ground and in the lower trees were hundreds of raven-sized black birds with vivid red marks on their necks. And if that weren't wild enough, green and red parrots dashed around in the level somewhere between the black birds and the cockatoos. Trying to get closer to the cockatoos, I walked down a path and into a clearing in back of the main house. There were rows of peas, beans, asparagus, and God knows what else. There were patches of pumpkin and zucchini and an orchard filled will every nontropical fruit tree imaginable. It was their late summer, and the garden was bountiful.

SNOWY and REX raise "house cows" for adoption to those seeking milk cows and "chocks" (chickens) for the sale of eggs only. Animals are not slaughtered there. They die of old age and are given a decent burial. These guys decided long ago not to clear out the eucalyptus trees, as their neighbors had all done. They save all rain water in a series of runoff ponds and share it with all the wild animals that use their farm as a sanctuary. Unfortunately it is perfectly legal for farmers to shoot kangaroos on their own property.

The two days we spent at the farm will be remembered fondly for the rest of our lives. Some snippets:

REX took us to meet the cows up close and warned us not to piss off the Jersey bull. There were some tense moments when Mr. Bull got tired of all the clicking cameras and almost

photo by SNOWY

(left to right): Frieda, Butch, COCKATOO REX, Cleopatra, Jesse, and Clive

charged.

SNOWY asked if we'd ever seen a "bull ant." Sensing a joke or something, I asked him to show me. He took a couple of us to the small mound in the garden and stuck a twig down the hole. Suddenly an irate ant, about an inch long with nasty looking mandibles, charged out, followed by another, then another. The twig was toast.

Every night a family of Australian possums show up to be fed. The guys built a platform above a terrace, and the beautiful (they don't look like our variety) creatures sit up there and allow hand feeding.

SNOWY had a doctor's appointment, so REX suggested we all wait for him in a small shopping center in town. In the guest house the previous night, we'd discussed getting our hosts a house gift, but we figured we'd have to ship it to them from the states. Seeing our chance, we had HANK get REX off on a ruse while we bought a microwave oven in a K-Mart. I rushed it off to the van in the parking lot, hid it in the back, then got back inside just as SNOWY was approaching BRUCE. He had a pained expression on his face, and we were instantly concerned.

"Got to point Percy to the porcelain," he said, rushing away to the toilet, leaving us in hysterics.

Our final day there, our hosts planned a late afternoon "safari" so we could photograph kangaroos. I worried about BRUCE's legs giving out, but he insisted upon joining us—so off we went. Only a quarter mile away, we spotted what appeared to be a male and female and were able to get within 50 or so feet away before they further into the bush. REX assured us that the 'roos were skittish because of a deep-seated fear of Yanks and Kiwis.

By dusk, we had trekked a good three miles within their 150 acres, and were heading back to the house. Bruce's gait had slowed considerably, and I knew that his legs had to be hurting. REX stayed back with him, however, hanging on to his every word and gently helping him navigate some of the rougher terrain. Not once did REX look our way, either in frustration or concern, so I stayed ahead as my little colonel gleefully related his life story to this true gentleman.

As REX drove the van on the freeway to Sydney the next morning, I wondered how long it had been since I'd met such profoundly decent and interesting people. I think that BRUCE, JIM and HANK were probably thinking the same thing—as a matter of fact, I KNOW they were. And as we all parted company at the airport, it was as if a wonderful family reunion had just ended.

JIM, BRUCE and I flew on to Auckland, New Zealand, where we were met by CR model TRANSPLANT and his friend OWEN. We'd met TRANSPLANT years back in New Orleans during Mardi Gras. He's an Alabama Cajun with an exotic mixture of black African, French, and American Indian blood. He'd been able to get a work visa in New Zealand years ago and had been there long enough to keep from being under the jurisdiction of the more stringent requirements. People of black African heritage are rare in New Zealand and Australia, but there are quite a few people of color—Maoris in N.Z., Aborigine and Papuan in Oz, and Pacific Islanders in both. (The past slaughter of indigenous peoples by the European colonialists notwithstanding, the Maoris and Aborigines are currently being treated with the same respect the U.S. affords Native Americans.)

TRANSPLANT agreed to be the driver of the van (as in Australia), and OWEN, a very handsome Kiwi senior, was the tour director. No sooner had we piled into the car than we were off to Rotorua, the famous hot springs resort area.

The first thing one notices upon entering the city limits of Rotorua is the odor of sulphur. Since hundreds of hotels, motels, and bed/breakfast establishments use hot water provided by Mother Nature, the smell is everywhere. Our hotel room even had a huge jacuzzi with the lovely liquid piped in.

COCKATOO REX, SNOWY *OK HANK*

Although New Zealand is a beautiful country with lush countryside and healthy looking farm animals, there is little sense of the exotic—no kangaroos or wombats or koalas or poisonous snakes or colorful birds. (Bruce felt New Zealand was a little too much like England.) About the only thing exotic we saw was the Maori concert. We were especially looking forward to that, having enjoyed the Air New Zealand commercial featuring about 30 semi-nude Maori studs macho dancing with big sticks on the beach. What we got, however, were three men playing guitars while three Maori women sang and twirled

leather balls attached to strings. It was entertaining, but nothing like the beach meat rack commercial.

After fully exploring the fragrant resort town, TRANSPLANT drove us back to OWEN's very nice home overlooking Waitemata Harbor and downtown Auckland. A dinner party in our honor was planned, and OWEN had invited four of his friends.

The Kiwi guests were quite charming (the best looking one was one of my diehard fiction fans, but there was no opportunity to discuss new plots in private). The hors d'oeuvres were hot and delicious, but OWEN would get up and pass them around about every five minutes. Not wanting to spoil our dinner, JIM, BRUCE and I declined most of the passes and watched as the Kiwis munched heartily. Having aggressively pushed the munchies for about half an hour, OWEN quickly cleared the food away and went to work in the kitchen. That's when I noticed that the dining table had not been set. Then, to our horror, OWEN brought out a dessert tray and tea service. I looked at JIM and could swear I could see a one-foot-tall exclamation point and question mark above his head.

BRUCE was a gentleman, but JIM and I pigged out on the dessert before the tray was likewise quickly carted away. Too soon, the guests left and we found ourselves standing in the kitchen as OWEN rapidly rinsed off the dishes and placed them in the dish washer. As soon as he would turn his back to rinse another plate, JIM and I would quickly grab a bit of leftover munchies and shove it into our mouths. As OWEN glanced our way, we would appear nonchalant and stop chewing. By the time breakfast was served the next morning, I was so hungry that I even gulped down a dollop of Vegemite, a black, gooey, awful-smelling paste that both Kiwis and Aussies love to eat for breakfast. If you're ever invited to a dinner party in New Zealand, don't turn down the munchies. THAT's dinner.

JIM stayed for another day and got to see a gay bath in Auckland, but BRUCE and I flew back to Los Angeles later that evening. While taking off, I couldn't help looking west toward Australia. New Zealand is nice, but I found myself wishing that we'd stayed an extra couple of days in Australia, perhaps tracking down OUTBACK JACK in South Australia and terrorizing him for 24 hours. Just before dinner was served somewhere over the Kermadec Trench, south of the Tropic of Capricorn, I turned to Bruce and said, "We're coming back, aren't we?"

To which he answered, "Only if we can fly business class."

THE BUNDANOON BUSH P.H. Colley

Back home, we found that SNOWY had come down with pneumonia, but he's now much better. His doctor had given him some bad news about his blood pressure, but we're hoping that medication can keep him going strong.

COCKATOO REX wrote us and said:

"What great news that we're going to see you in Australia next year. Yipee! The other day I came across the enclosed tea towel. It's not an unsuitable hint about our needing a dishwasher. I just thought it was a bit of kitsch for the kitchen. SNOWY has been ill with pneumonia; however he is recovering. While he's been ill, I've mastered the microwave you gave us. So far, I've defrosted Lulubelle's garfish, heated up a meat pie, cooked rice, defrosted more garfish for Lulu, heated up some savory mince, defrosted some more fucking garfish, heated up a curry, taught fucking Lulubell how to use the fucking microwave to defrost her own fucking garfish and cooked some more rice. We are now a modern family. Love, COCKATOO REX, SNOWY and all the kids."

P.H. COLLEY is cofounder and editor of CR and lives in the Mojave Desert with BRUCE and their two dogs, Sammi and Zelda.

FENDING OFF THE AUNTS

by Tim Waldock

"Would you mind helping me out next Saturday by coming with me to a family wedding? I need a man to help fend off all those aunts who keep asking when I'm going to get married."

"Haven't you told them yet? It makes it so much easier to manage your life when they know you won't be bringing home a prospective spouse of the opposite sex."

"Well, I haven't got 'round to it yet—maybe one day. Would you come anyway, David? Besides, it might be fun to stir up a bit of gossip at work if people see us going out together."

"OK I'll do it, but don't expect to make a habit of using me as an aunt-tender."

So, come the weekend I dug out my best suit to look the part for Judy's family. She picked me up promptly and off we went, neither of us really looking forward to the occasion judging by our desultory conversation on the way. Once there, we were caught up in introductions and small talk with various intrigued-looking relatives. After half a dozen or so aunts and uncles I noticed a distinguished looking man purposefully heading our way. "Things are looking up," I thought as I discreetly admired him—well built, not particularly tall, but smartly dressed with silvery grey hair framing a cheerful face that was round and well-lined.

"Hello Judy, who's this man you've been keeping from us?" he said.

"Hi Dad, this is David. David, this is my father, Jack".

My heart sank after the initial excitement of meeting him—my fantasy of a bachelor uncle cruelly quashed. Jack was a charming man, so we chatted awhile before he was whisked away by another relative. I played my part well for the rest of the afternoon, hanging onto Judy not through devotion, but just to keep the aunts at bay from both of us.

True to her suggestion, Judy and I spent a bit more time together at work, stirring up gossip in the process. I did, however, notice the change to a distinctly frosty reception I was getting from Alice, an older lady who worked in accounts. I mentioned this to Judy, and she rapidly changed the subject. "Dad seemed to like you the other day. In fact he asked if I would like to invite you 'round for a meal at home next weekend. I think it would be nice, and I promise you this isn't another duty. I am quite a good cook, even if I say so myself."

"Sure," I replied, thinking that it might be pleasant to spend some time with Jack, even if he was strictly out of bounds.

"Actually, I think he wants to ask you to help him fix up some broken shelving while you're there. He's not that good with his hands, and I've heard you are."

Judy had moved back into her parents' home a few years earlier so her father wouldn't be lonely after her mother died. I felt sure that it must be cramping her social life, especially as she hadn't come out to her family. Anyhow, she seemed to be quite happy entertaining at home on this occasion. As I'd been warned about the handiwork, I dressed casually. So too did Jack. As he greeted me, I couldn't help noticing that he was quite heavily built, a fact previously concealed by the suit he'd been wearing.

After a preliminary drink we went off to fix the shelves while Judy prepared the meal. Jack stood on a box and started handing books down to me to put on the floor. Each time he reached for the next load, his shirt rose up from the front of his pants revealing his ample belly. I could feel myself getting excited as I wondered how far the luxuriant black hairs went up his torso.

Suddenly, Jack slipped and fell forward. I instinctively caught him in both arms, and he clutched at me. We ended up in an embrace which lasted for what seemed an age as we stood there speechless. I could feel myself, now fully aroused, pressing hard against his soft yielding stomach. He must have been able to feel it too? Eventually, he gave me an extra squeeze before extricating himself. "Thanks for saving me, David. I could have really hurt myself."

"Probably a sprained ankle at worst."

"It was good to have a strong man there to catch me."

"A pleasure, Jack." It certainly was a pleasure. I only hoped I hadn't embarrassed him with my obvious excitement.

As we worked, it seemed that Jack took every opportunity to brush against me. But it was probably only my wishful thinking. Besides, I was conscious of Judy in the kitchen next door, so I was being extra careful. Just as we finished the job, she called us in to eat. As she had predicted, the meal was delicious. Jack was certainly good company, and I was sorry when I had to head off home. I spent a sleepless night thinking about him.

On Monday I took Judy out to lunch as a thank you. She was bursting to tell me her news.

"I came out to my father yesterday. He was asking all kinds of questions about us, like how serious we were and what your background is. He's never pressured me before about getting married—the only one in the family who hasn't. Anyway, I decided that the time had come to put him straight, especially after you two on Saturday evening."

"What do you mean?"

"You couldn't keep your eyes off each other. Besides, I saw you together from the kitchen when you were supposed to be fixing the shelves."

"But, I was only ..." I could feel my face turning red as I realized what it

must have looked like for Judy to see her best friend trying to seduce her father.

"Its okay, David. I really don't mind. How can I object to my father's turning out to be gay when I am too?"

"Is he really gay? Are you sure?"

"Well he didn't exactly say so, even after my confession, but I've never seen him so animated or paying so much attention to someone as he did to you the other night."

"That doesn't mean anything. Perhaps he's just lonely. And what you saw truly was innocent, I did just catch him falling over." Well perhaps not quite truly innocent. I didn't tell her about what was between us, nor did I even know if he had noticed it or enjoyed it.

"Listen David, it's up to you to find out for sure tomorrow evening. I won't be home, so why don't you call 'round there pretending to look for me and see if you can get a confession out of him?"

"Are you serious, trying to set me up with your own father? And what about the age difference, doesn't that bother you?"

"I couldn't be more pleased to see my father so happy, especially with someone I like and trust. As for the age difference, I hate the way our society is so obsessed with youth and generation gaps. Its all so artificial. In many other societies, age and experience are revered and respected. Besides, it would be hypocritical of me to worry about age gaps considering who I'm seeing tomorrow night."

"And who might that be?"

"I finally plucked up courage to ask Alice out. She was thrilled."

"No wonder she's been looking daggers at me whenever we've been together recently." Our conversation had taken a side turning from what she'd started telling me. "Anyhow, how did your dad react to your news?"

"Oh, he didn't seem surprised. In fact, he looked pleased. He said he'd wondered for quite some time. Then he asked about you again—assuming you weren't really my boyfriend. So I put him right on that score, saying that you were just helping out to give a good impression at the wedding, which apparently you did by the way. Hopefully, I won't be pestered by my aunts' questions anymore."

"Don't be so sure. Now they'll be asking you the date. It's simpler to be honest."

"You don't know them, David. I think I'd rather keep up the deception, although I feel so much better now that Dad knows the truth."

So do I, I thought. "Actually, having met the aunts, I think you may be right, especially in a town like this."

The moment of truth, I thought the following evening, as I pressed the doorbell. What was I going to say? What if Judy was wrong about him? What if he doesn't ask me in?

"Hello David, how nice to see you." Jack's face creased up in a welcoming smile that made me feel weak at the knees. "Judy isn't here; she's gone out for the evening."

"Oh, I, er ..."

"Why not join me for a drink?"

"I'd love to," I replied, wondering if Judy hadn't set me up by warning him of my visit. Either way, I wasn't turning down the opportunity.

"Are you hungry?" asked Jack as he guided me into the living room, his hand gently touching my back, sending shivers down my spine.

"No," I lied, not wanting to risk having to go out for a meal.

"I was thinking of fixing myself a snack. Are you sure you won't join me?"

"If it isn't too much trouble." That would give me more time to figure out how to handle the situation, I thought.

Jack made us drinks and asked me into the kitchen. As he bustled around, I seemed to be in his way constantly even though the room was not that small. I kept moving aside out of politeness until one occasion when, perhaps deliberately, I wasn't quick enough. He bumped into me gently. "Oh, I'm sorry," I said.

"I'm not," responded Jack with a wicked grin which made his face look charmingly lopsided.

We stood looking at each other for a moment before I smiled too. "Did you slip on purpose the other day when we were fixing the shelves?" I asked.

"I could see you weren't really concentrating on the job, so I just thought I'd test you out to see you're reaction. I wasn't disappointed by what I felt!" As I blushed, he continued. "Judy told me the two of you are just friends, so I figured it was worth pursuing again this time. Is it?"

My response was to kiss him lightly on the lips. He didn't need any more encouragement than that. Soon we were locked in an embrace. My earlier curiosity was overpowering, so I undid the buttons of his shirt. I was rewarded with the sight of Jack's hirsute torso. The hairs did indeed continue up from his navel to his chest by which time they had changed from black to a thick mat of grey. Beginning to worry about Judy we moved to his bedroom, where we wasted no time in removing the rest of our clothes.

As we lay in bed after our lovemaking, Jack asked the same question again "Are you hungry?" So up we got to continue where we had left off in the kitchen. We talked about Jack's marriage and how lonely he had been since his wife's death. He confessed that this was by no means his first experience with another man. "I've never made love to a man before though, not like this in my own bed, in my own house. It was always quick sex with a man, wherever we could. Talking of my own house, Judy will be back soon."

"I'll clear out as soon as we've finished eating, although she probably wouldn't care. She's very open minded."

"Well, no hurry, but I think I'd feel more comfortable if she didn't find you here."

After we'd cleaned up the kitchen I started to make my farewell by kissing Jack. One thing led to another and soon we were back in bed. This time we weren't in such a hurry as we explored one another's bodies. I awoke just as dawn was lightening the sky, then slowly eased myself out from under Jack's arms.

"I'd better get going before Judy's up and about. Some of us have work to do today."

"Come back soon," Jack replied

sleepily. "Its getting cold in bed on my own already."

Alice nearly leapt off her chair when she saw me creeping into the kitchen to get a drink. "Well, I guess you got your answer," said Judy calmly from the dining table. "We were just having an early breakfast so that Alice could be out of the house before Dad sees her. I can see that we needn't have worried." After the initial shock Alice appeared quite pleased with herself. She'd certainly lost the frosty look of the week before.

"I reckon that we'll make quite a good foursome from now on. The aunts can draw their own conclusions about which of us make up the two couples," I said, heading back to inform Jack that the game was up.

Tim Waldock is 37 and lives in Sydney, Australia with his older lover of eleven plus years. He discovered CR only recently and is now an avid fan. He would like to hear from other like-minded aspiring writers in Sydney.

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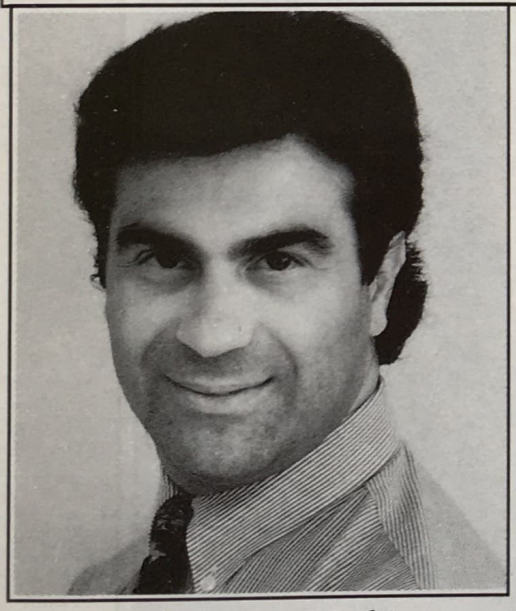
or write: Prime Timers, 2825 E. Burnside St., Box 107, Portland, OR 97214



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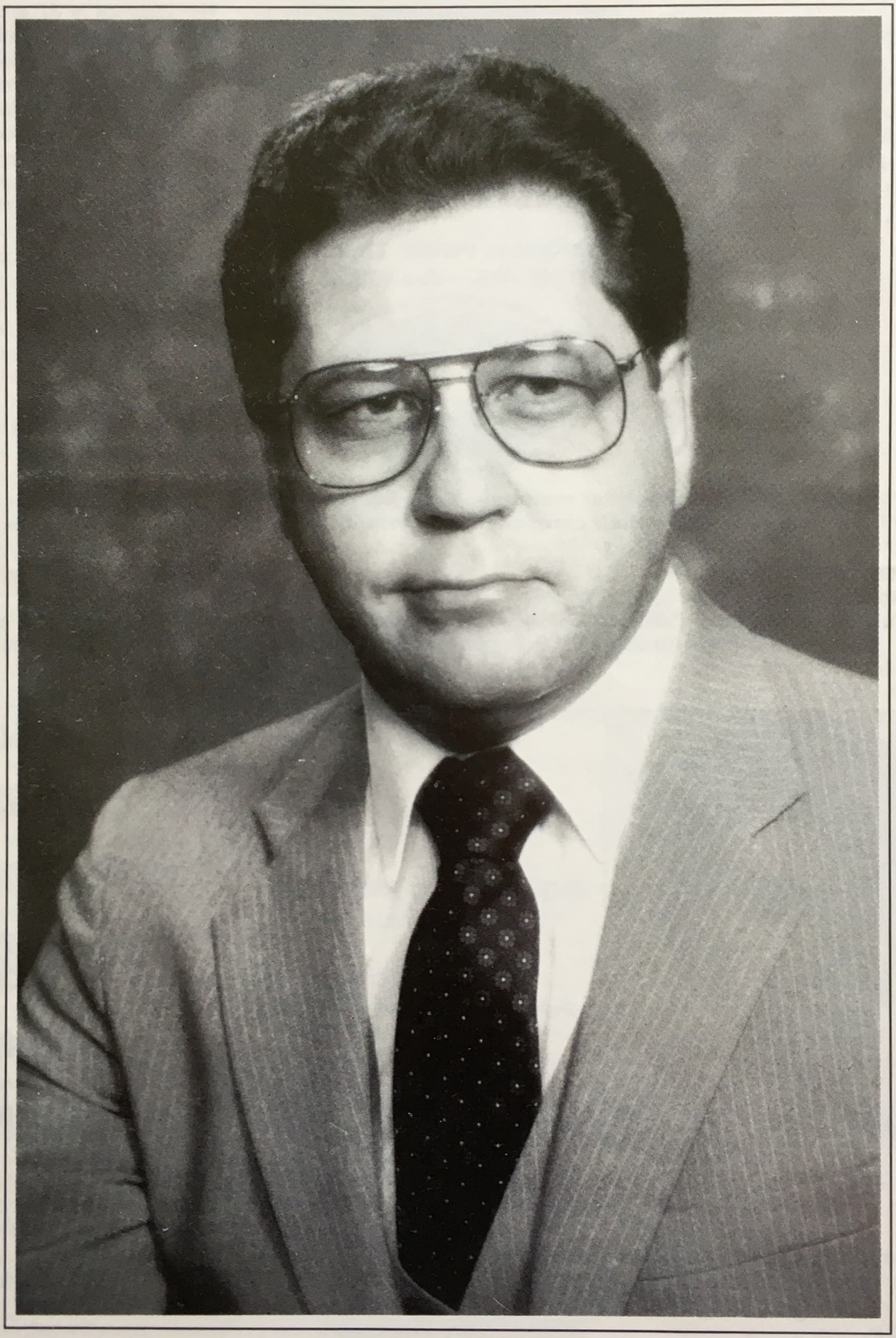
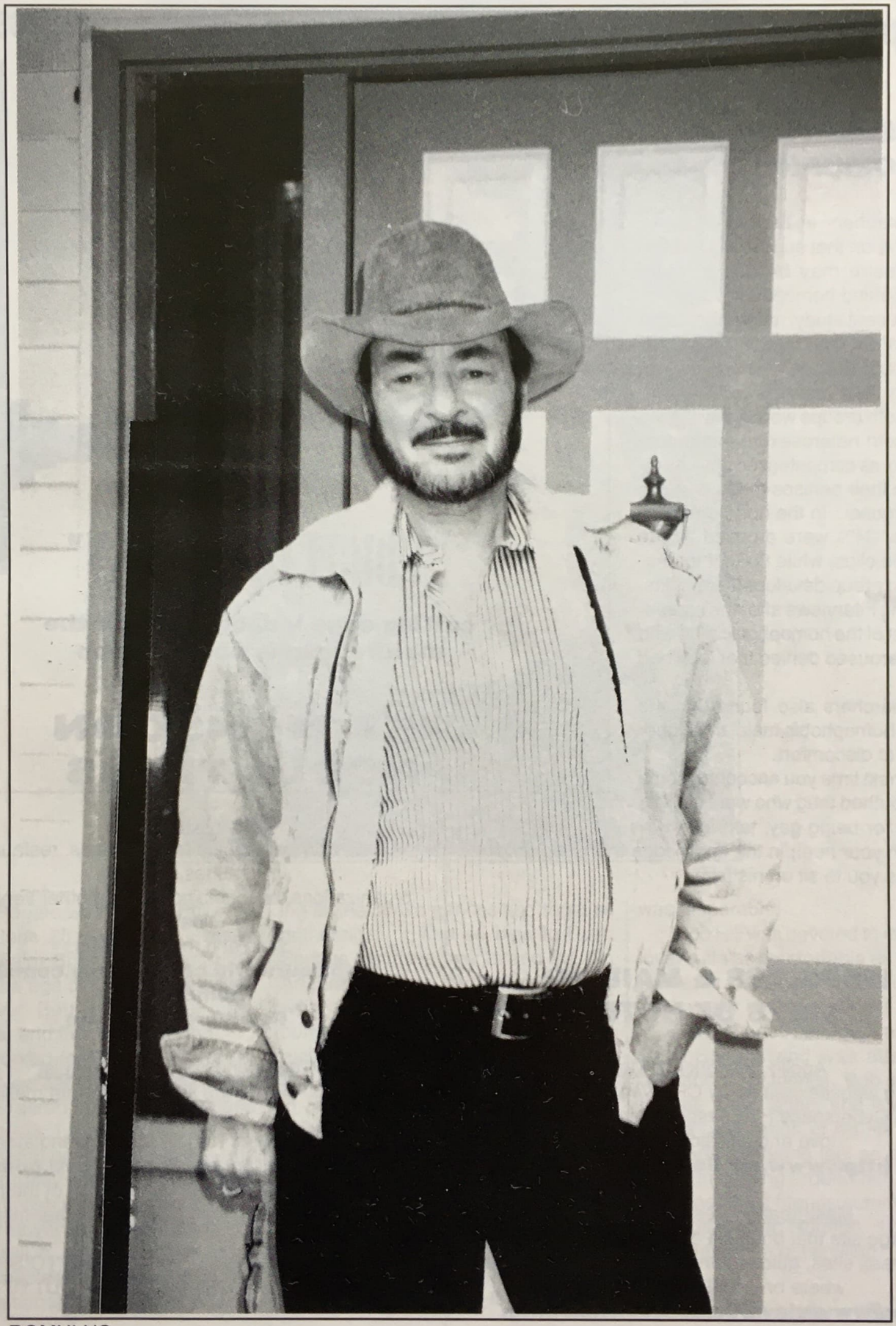


SAILOR'S MATE



ROMULUS

BITS AND PIECES

INSIGHTS INTO HOMOPHOBIA

Researchers at the University of Georgia report that suppressed homosexual desire may be the principal catalyst behind homophobia.

In a recent study, researchers split a group of 64 men into two groups—homophobic and non-homophobic—based on their answers to questionnaires. Both groups were shown video clips of both heterosexual and homosexual sex as computerized devices attached to their penises measured any sexual arousal. In the non-homophobic group, 34% were aroused by the male-male clips, while 80% of the homophobic group developed erections.

During interviews after the screenings, most of the homophobic men who became aroused denied that they had done so.

Researchers also found that the older the homophobic male, the higher the level of discomfort.

The next time you encounter some frothy-mouthed thug who wants to kick your ass for being gay, take heart (as you crush his testicles with your heel) in the knowledge that deep down he just wants you to sit on his face.

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WEBSITES & MAILING LISTS OF NOTE

Apollo Network For Men

A dazzling website created by CR's very own JARON. "A Place in Cyberspace for Seasoned Men and those who love and appreciate them.

http://www.apollonetwork.com

Masturbation Resource Guide

A one-page site that boasts a comprehensive list of links to solo-sex sites, guides, forums and products everywhere on—and off—the net.

http://www.viaverde.com/sex/mast.htm

Grey Gay Guide

A new worldwide guide to bars, clubs, restaurants, saunas, support organizations, beaches, hotels, and other venues for older gay men and their admirers.

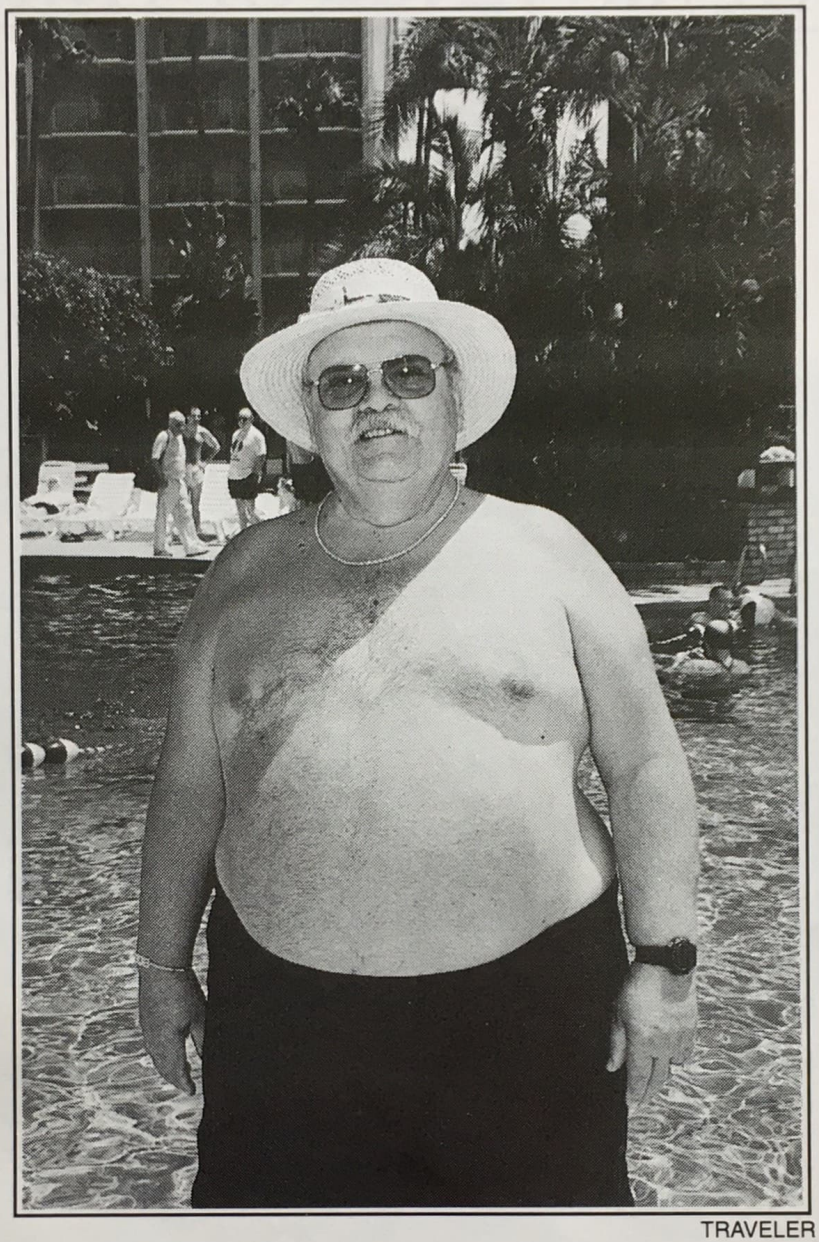
http://ourworld.compuserve.com:80/homepages/Pewit/greygay1.htm

The Friends of CR Mailing List

The friends of CR mailing list is an internet mailing list for mature men and their admirers. To join the list, send an e-mail message to **majordomo@casti.com** with "subscribe chiron-rising" in the body of the message. That's all you need to join over 500 other members

KNOW A FUN WEBSITE YOU'D LIKE TO SHARE? WRITE US AND TELL US ABOUT IT.

BOB ROGERS (BOB I)



TRAVELER

Bob Rogers was born in Philadelphia on June 28, 1933, and passed away in Palm Springs on March 20, 1997, at the age of 63. He is survived by his lover, Bob Hill, his wife, three daughters, and five grandchildren.

He worked for General Motors in Trenton, New Jersey, for 39 years and had been retired for about five years. In early 1993, he responded to Bob Hill's personal ad in a magazine, and they eventually met in June, 1993. Their relationship grew in strength until Rogers moved to Sacramento to live with Bob Hill in January of 1994.

The couple were active in the Girth & Mirth national organization, attending all the convergences and regional gatherings. It was on trips to Palm Springs for these events and the Big Ad Birthday Bash that they fell in love with Palm Springs. In May of 1996 they purchased their new dream home and moved to Palm Springs.

Rogers and Hill were also active in Prime Timers of The Desert and were the favorite couple of so many.

Bob was diagnosed with cancer in late February. Tragically, a battery of tests uncovered nothing in January, but the same tests repeated in February suddenly indicated that a particularly virulent form of cancer had invaded his brain, lungs and liver. His malignancy was inoperable.

Bob Hill was devoted to making his lover's life as comfortable as possible. He cared for him at home through the final weeks of his life.

A memorial service was held in Palm Springs and was attended by over 100 of his friends. Bob didn't want it to be a sad affair, and it wasn't. It was a celebration of his life and how he made everyone feel so much better by just being around him.

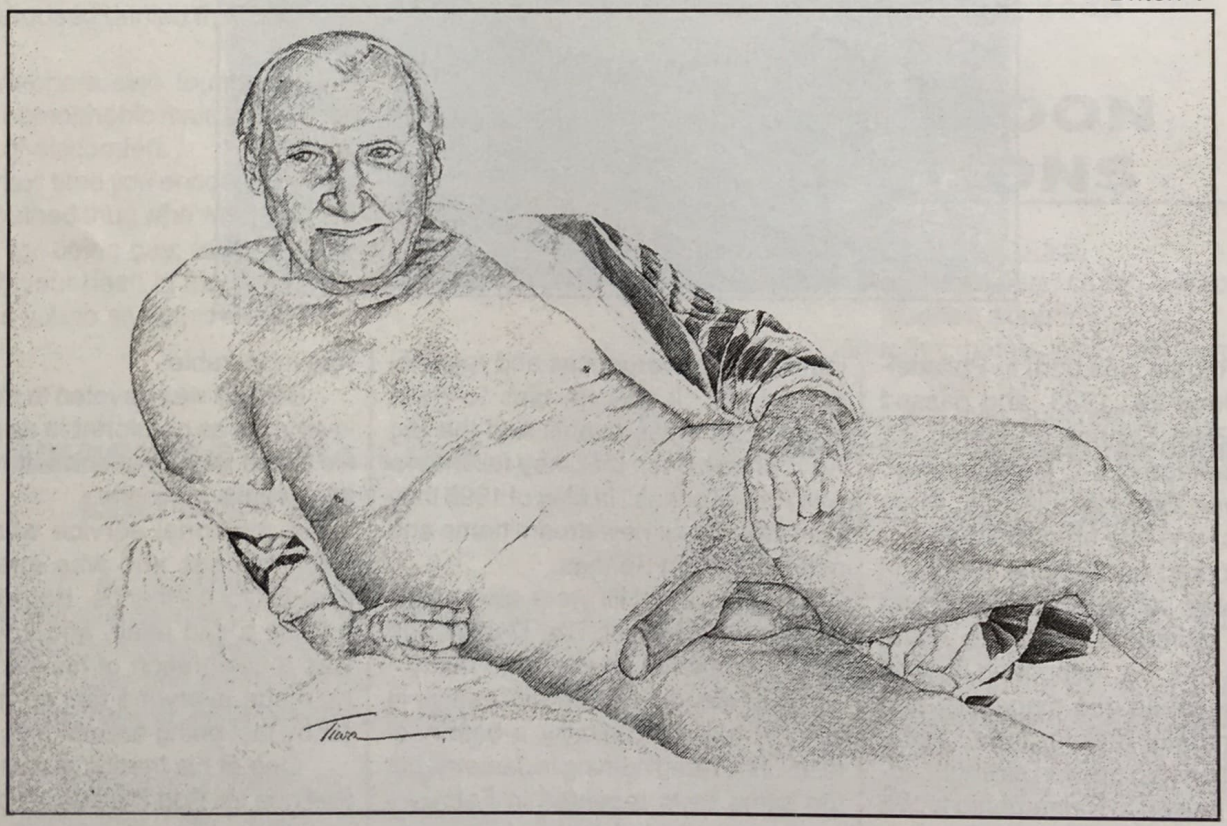
One of his friends summed up his feelings for Bob Rogers: "I don't ever remember him not smiling."

★

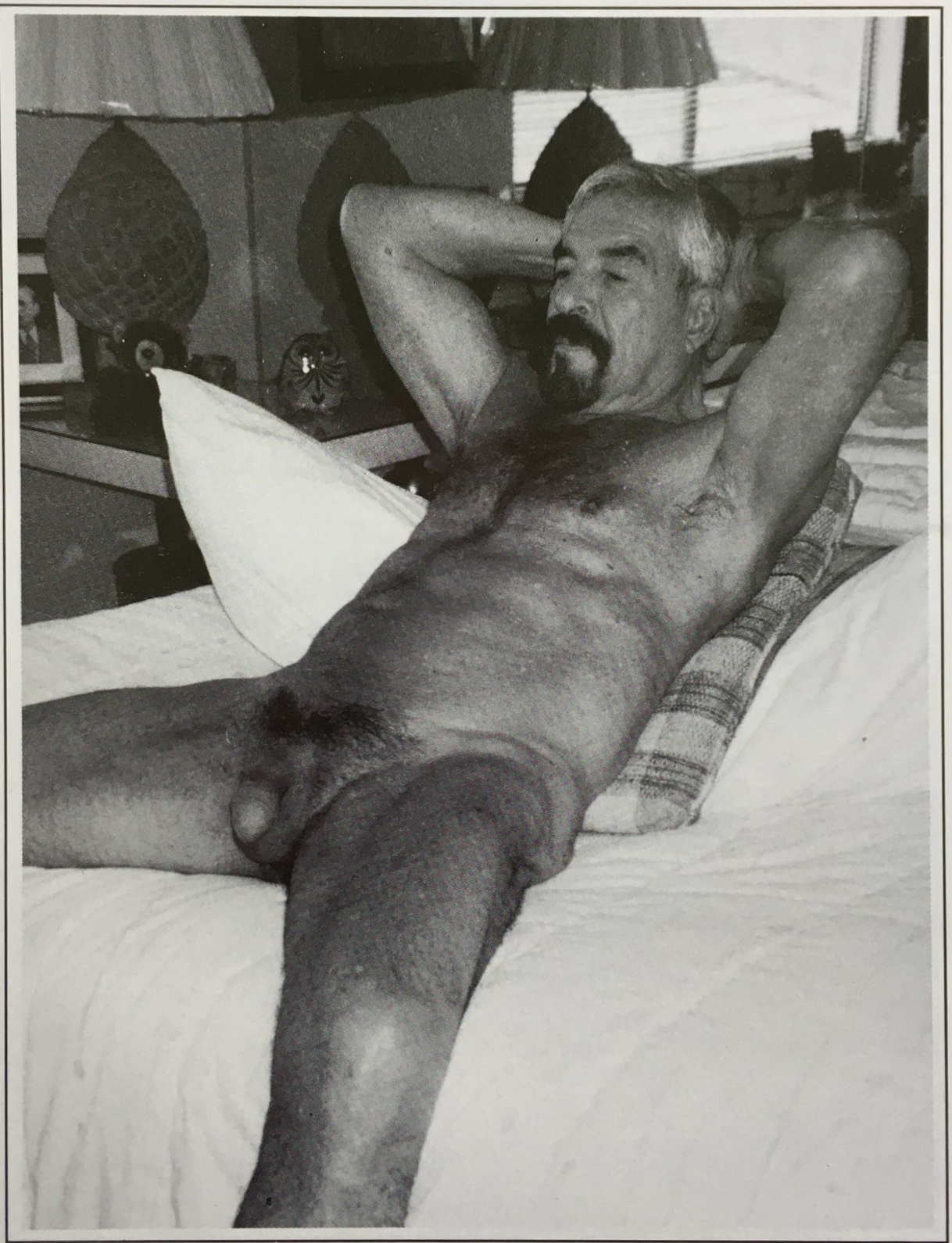
THE ARTWORK OF TIWA

Royal Worcester 1

Briton 1

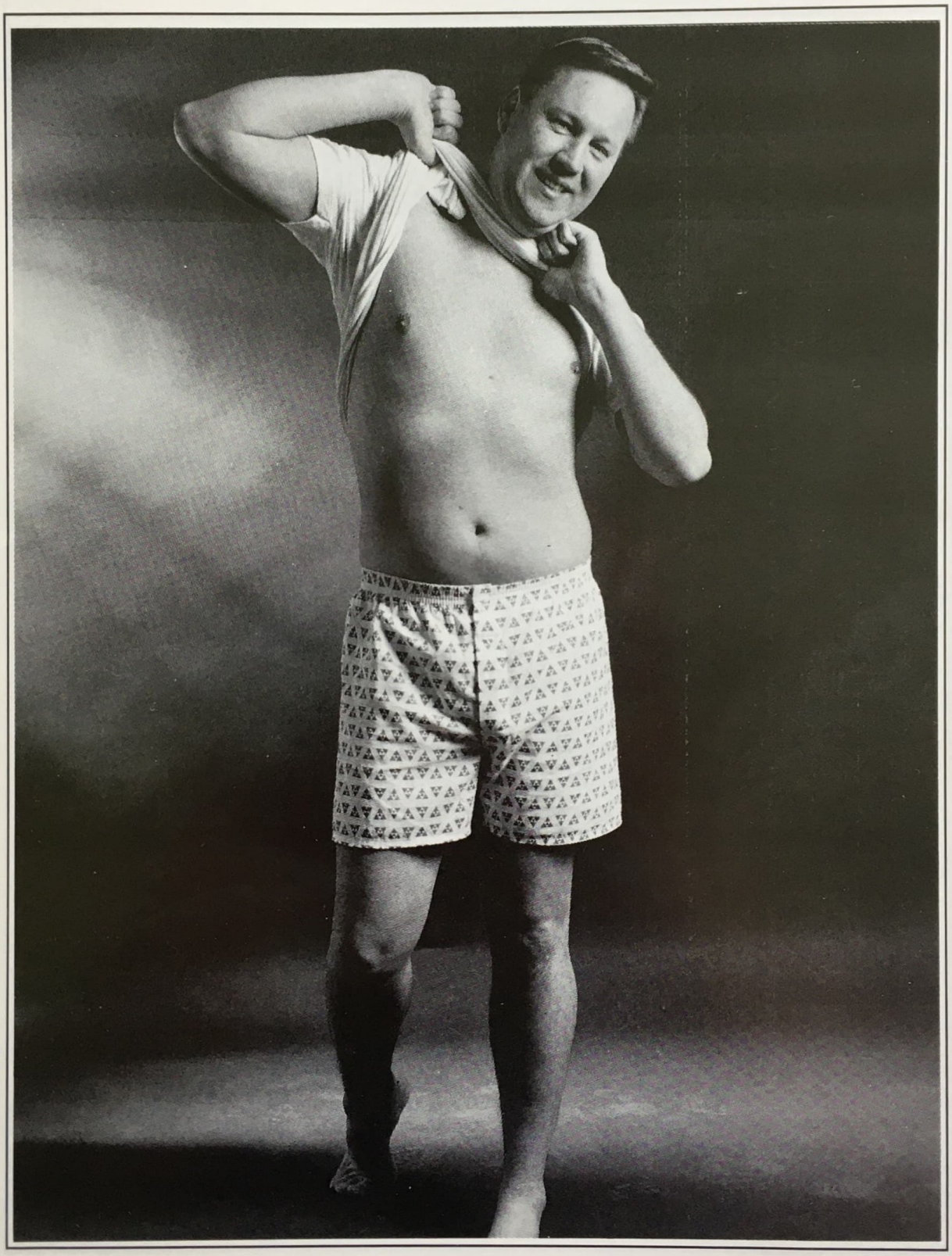


ROY E



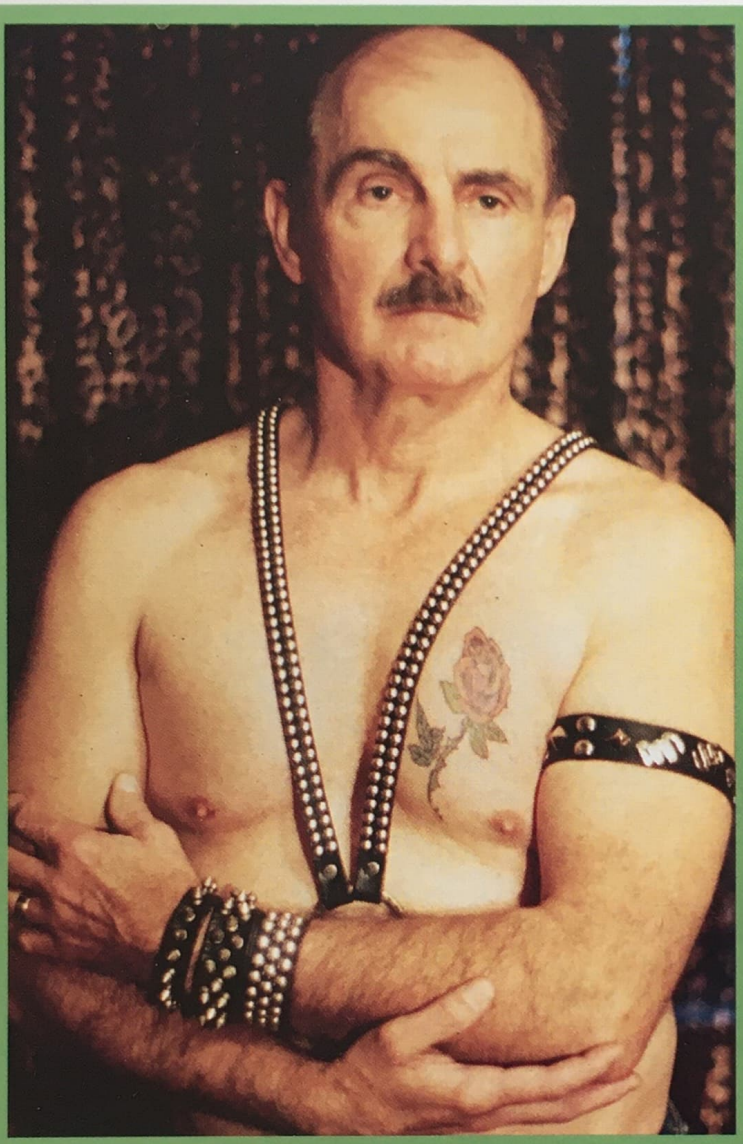
BILL

BARNEY

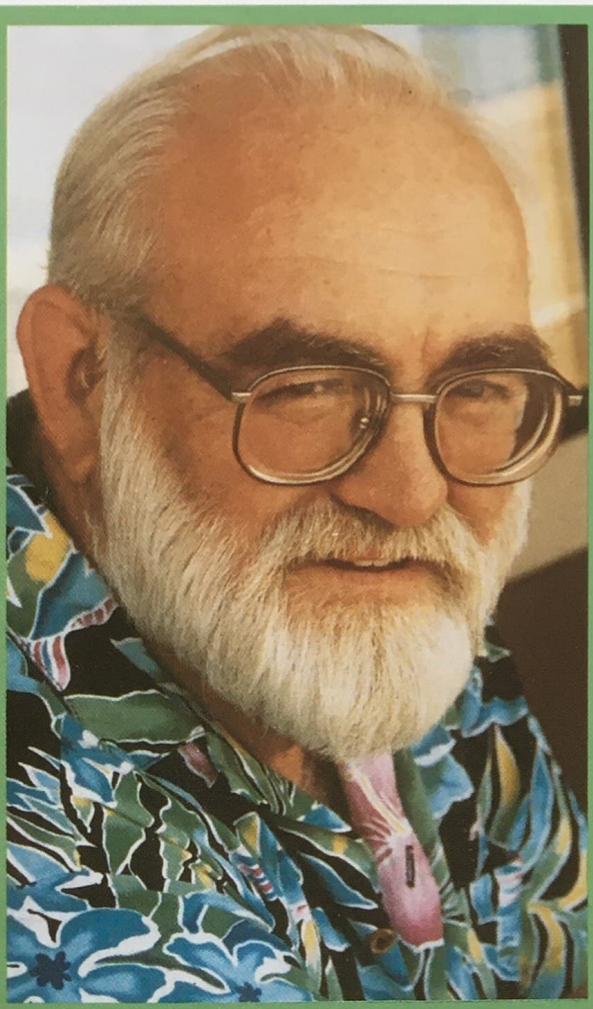


TED WARREN

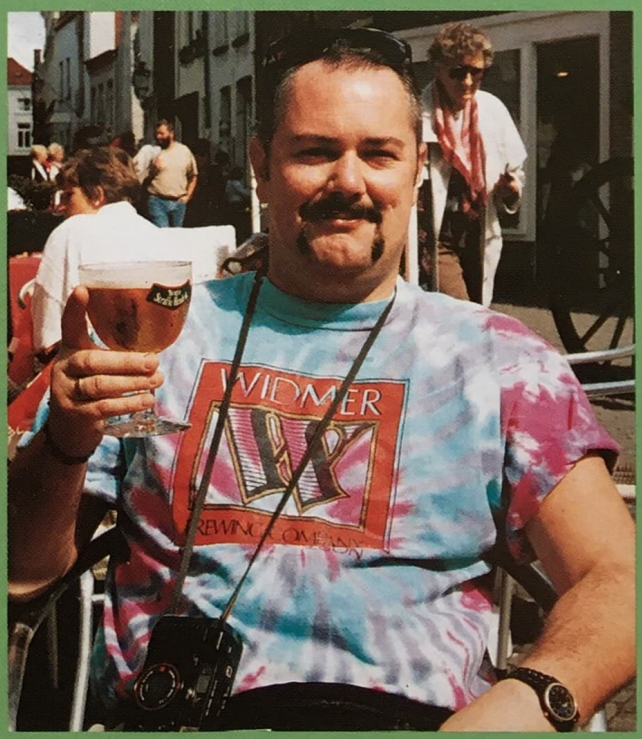
JAKE McKIM madame alexandria



OWL MAN



CHASE



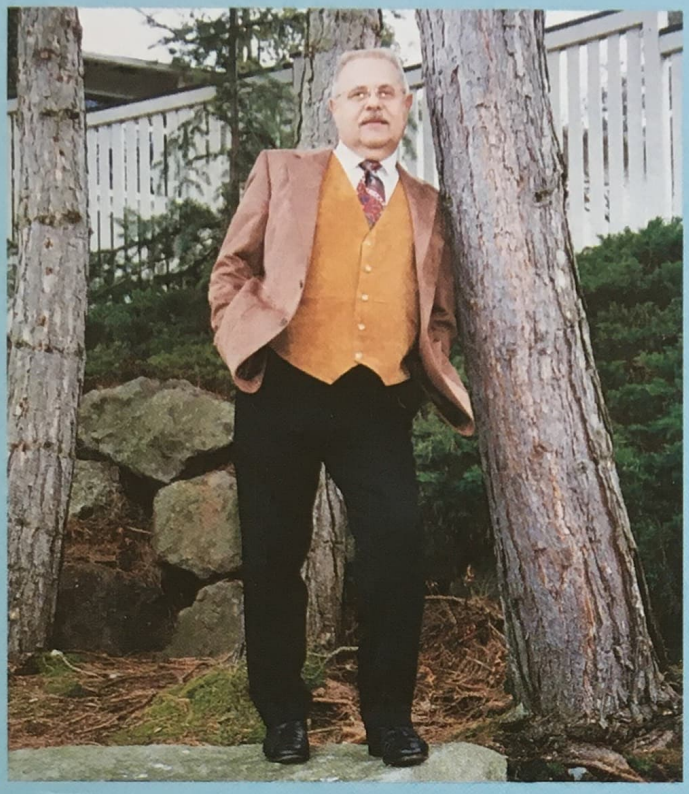
LITTLE RAB

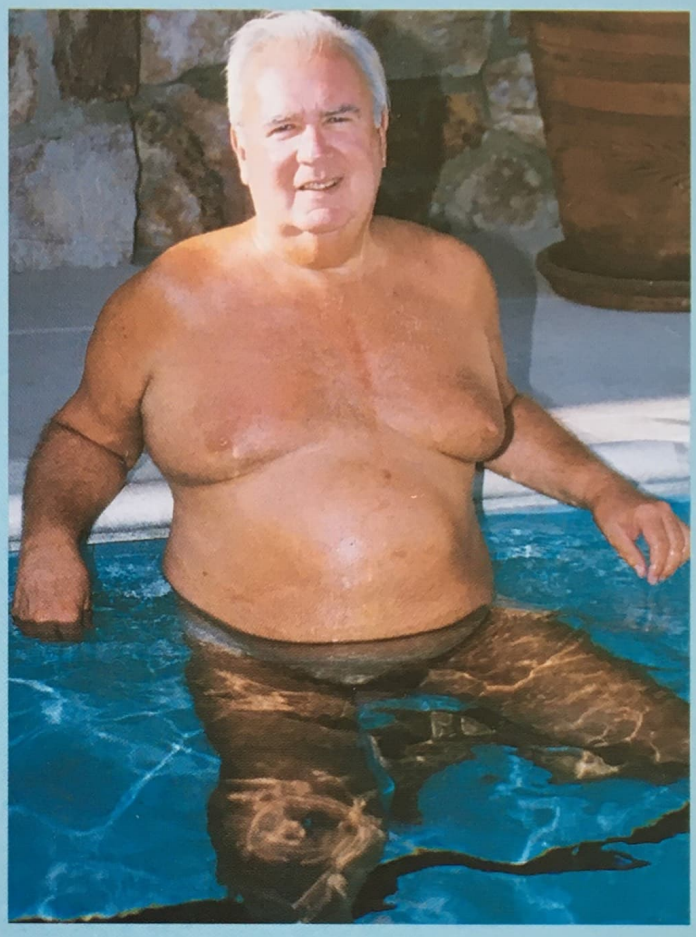
FRANKLIN BILL

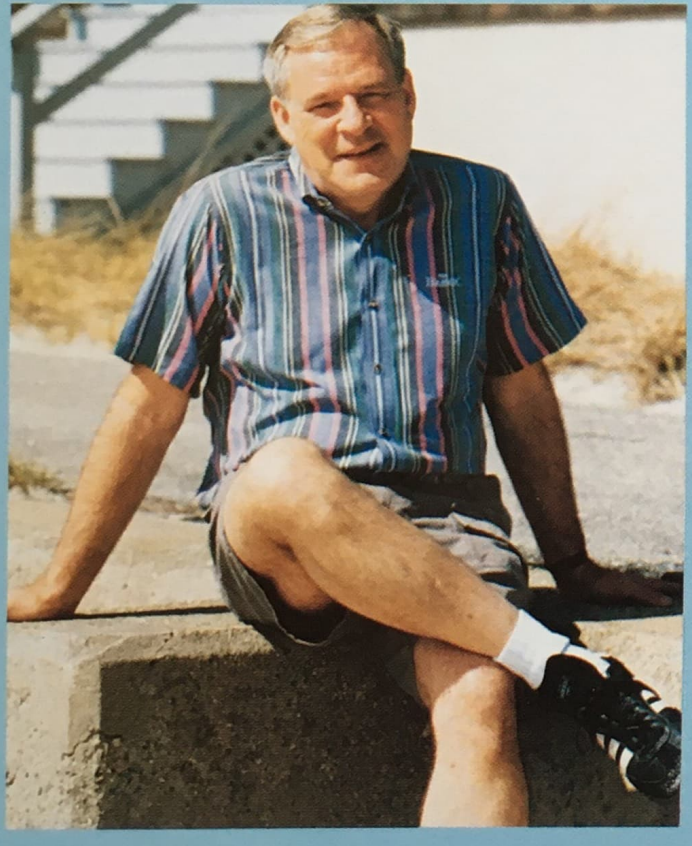
HIGHWAY HARRY mike deveau

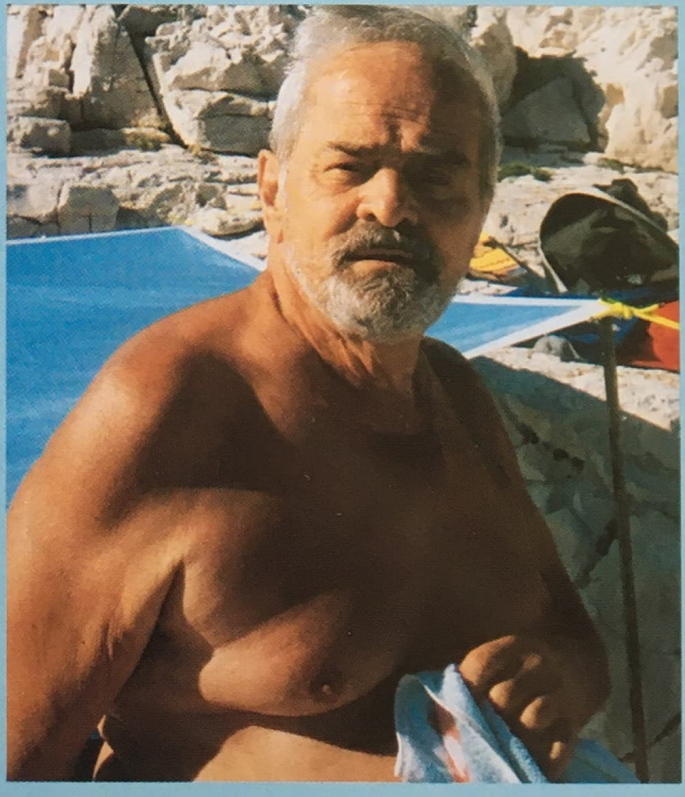
NIAGARA joe

DAVID OF THE N.W. nightbird



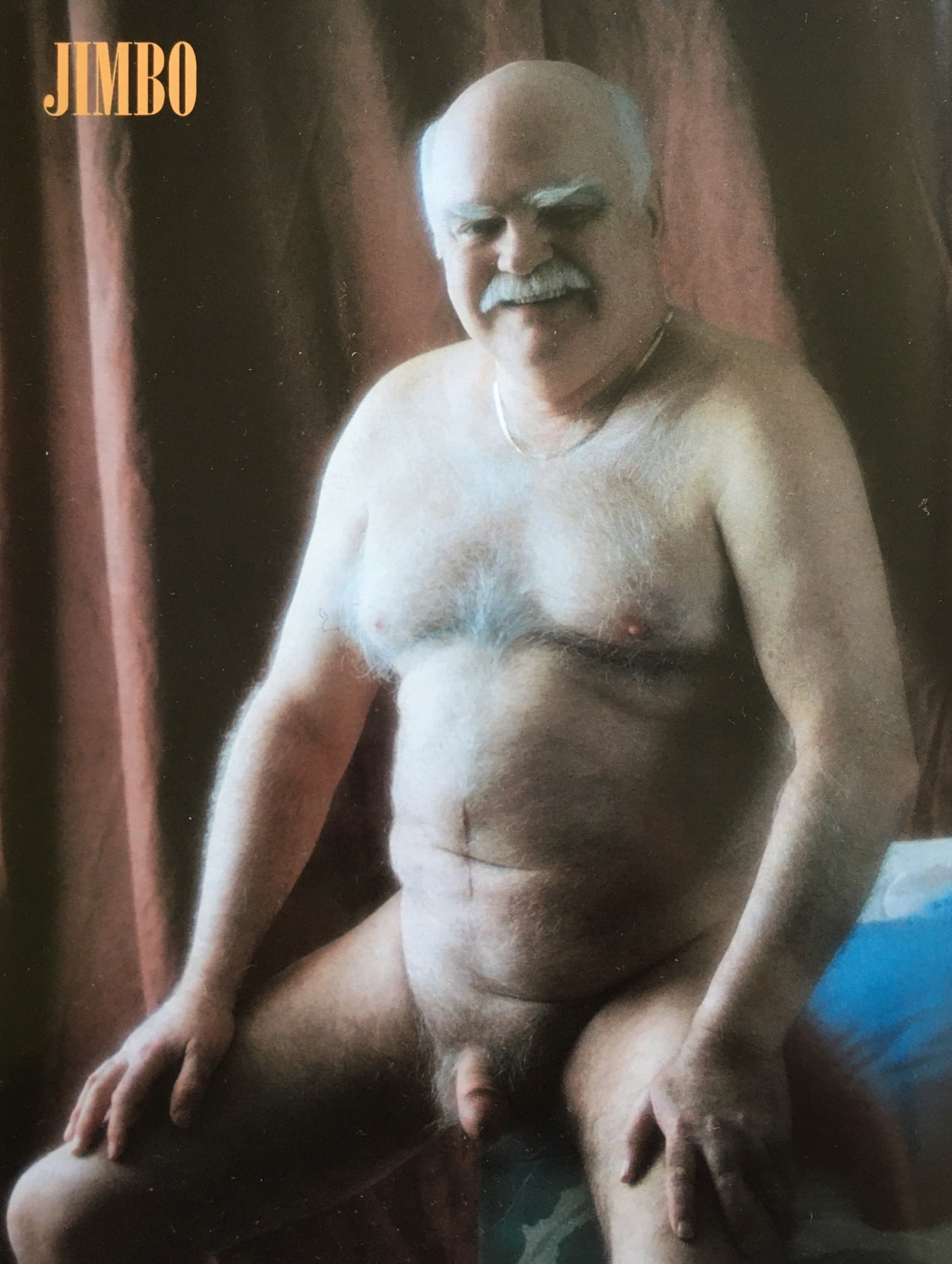


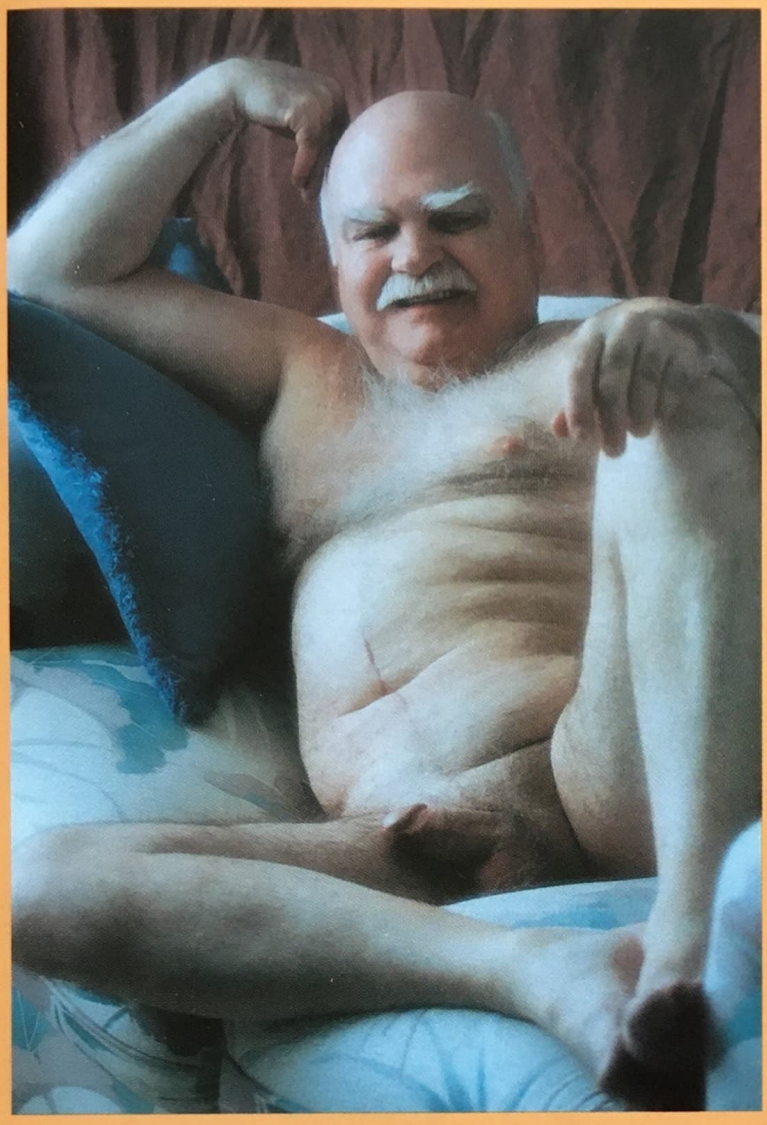


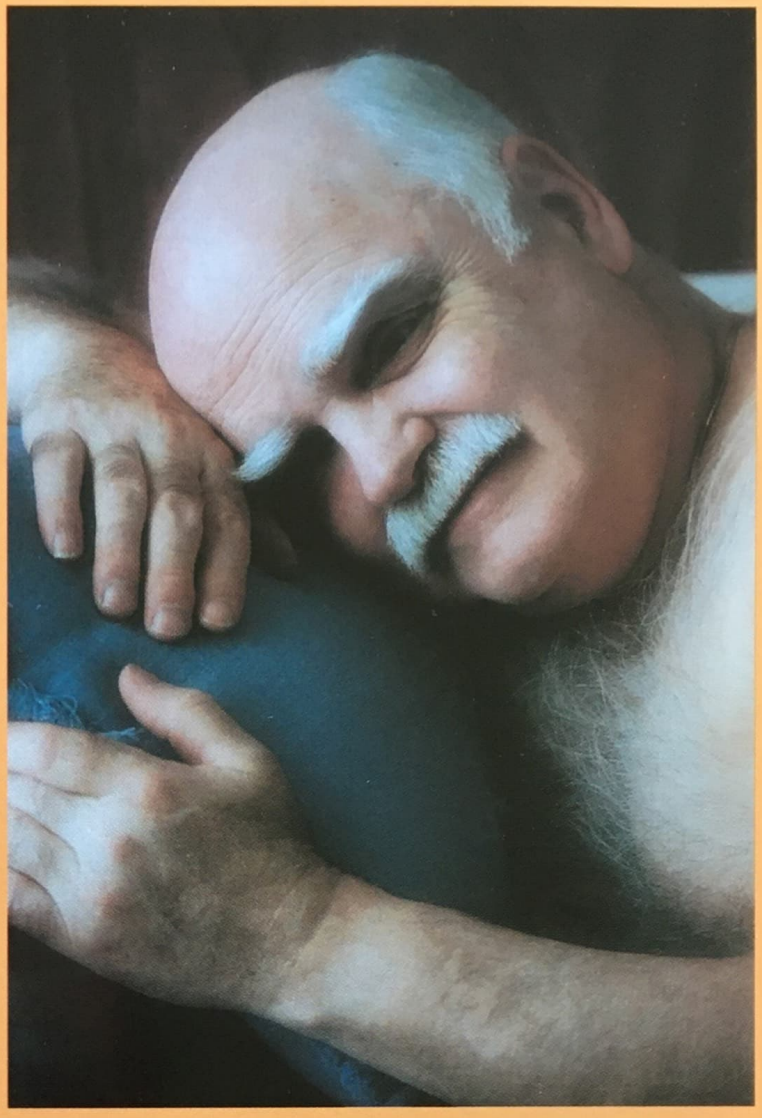


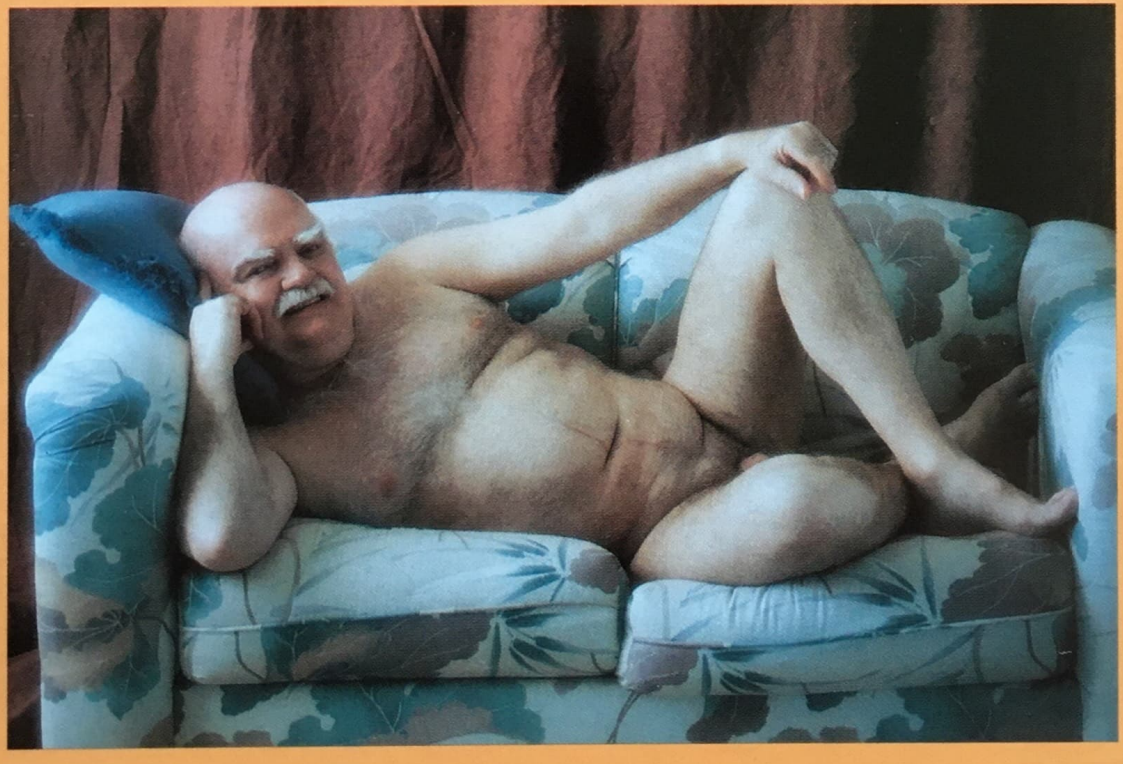
TMR727@aol.com meg

GEORG OF GERMANY


JIMBO



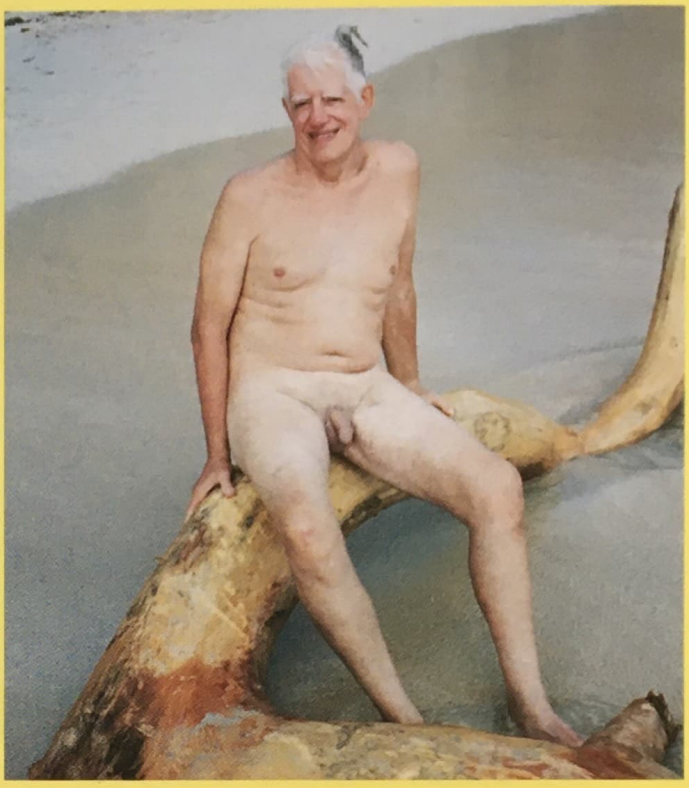




manny

W.R. georg

CONN. DAVE frank b.



ANTRIC joe

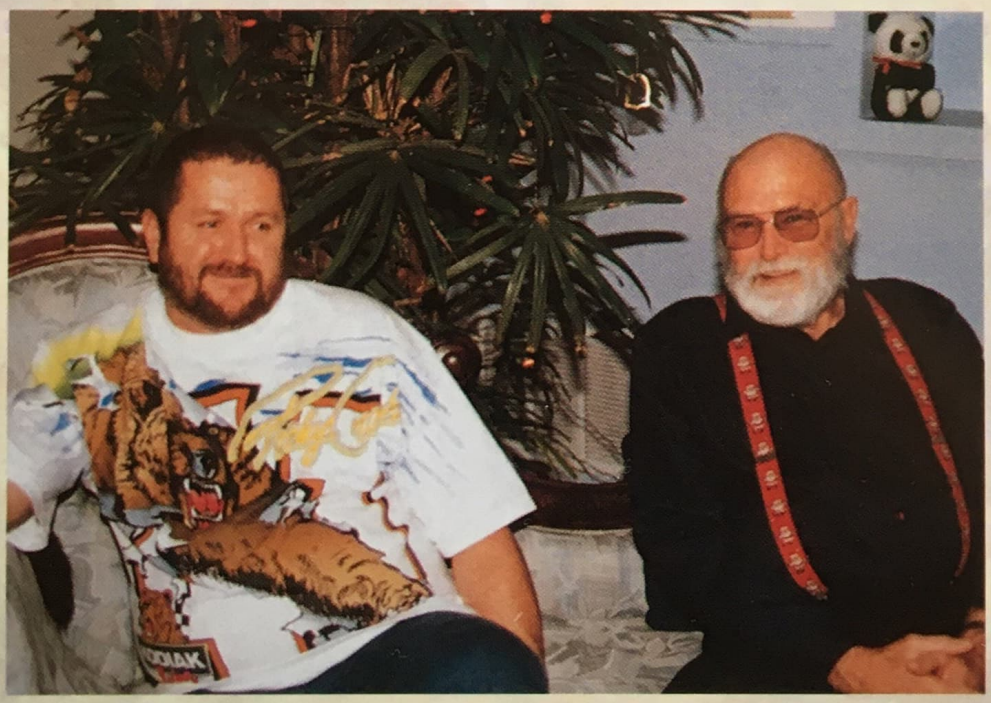
SANDGROPER david

WAYFARER & SKIPPER

nightbird

FRAN & SILVER HACKER

macro

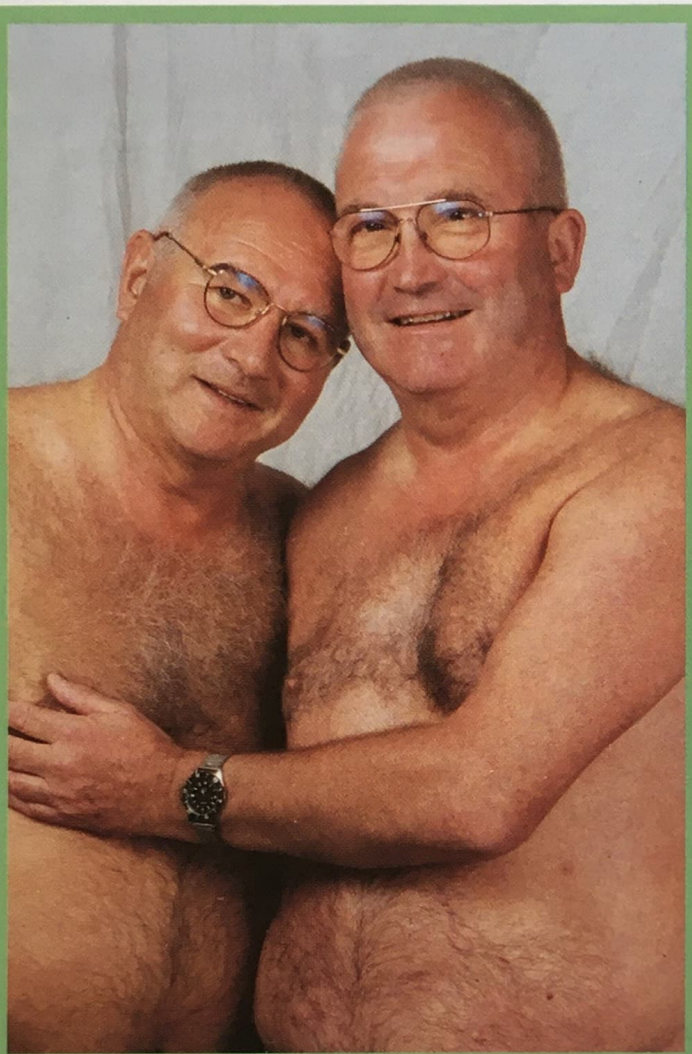


HARVSCUB & WOTAN

richard

SWISS I & SWISS II

macro



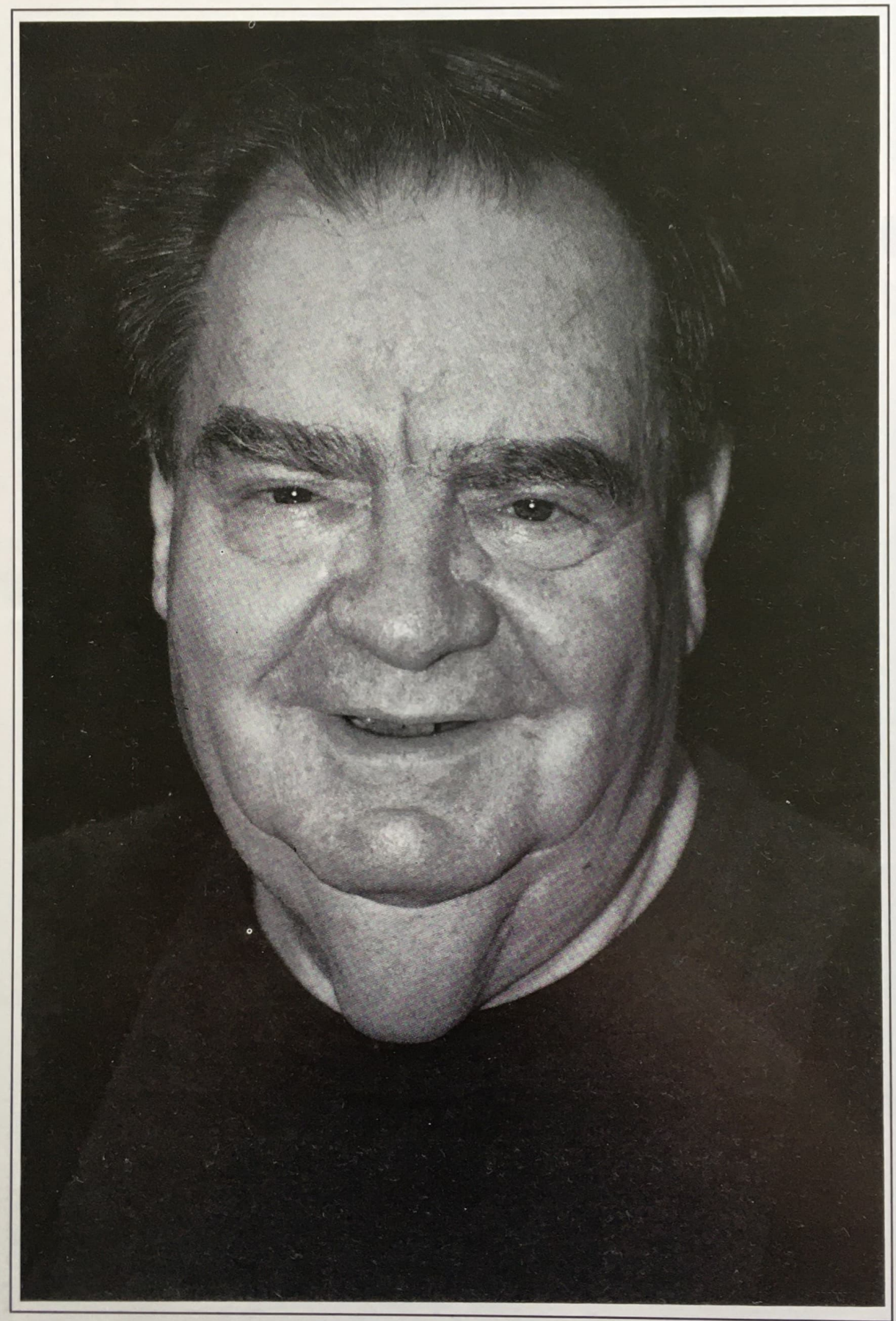
SONNY & SAN JOSE

MEGA BIT & LITTLE BIT

macro

HUNTER & CAJUN FOX

the tongue



photoman

HOW?

ALL YOUR PRESSING QUESTIONS ABOUT CR ARE ANSWERED RIGHT HERE

WHAT PRODUCTS AND SERVICES DO WE SELL?

MAGAZINE:

Chiron Rising (pronounced KY-RON)- a mildly erotic relationship and contact-oriented publication featuring fiction, essays, reviews, poetry, photography, artwork and personal ads.

BOOK:

Quincunx ... a collection of short fiction by P.H. Colley.

APPAREL:

Caps and T-shirts

EVENTS:

We sponsor a Gathering of around 2,000 mature men and admirers every spring (Orlando on odd years; San Diego on even years).

HOW OFTEN DO WE PUBLISH AND DISTRIBUTE?

We publish and distribute each even month. Subscribers can expect their issues to arrive sometime between the fifteenth and last of those months. Book stores should have CR on their shelves by the first week of the odd months.

HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT?

New subscriptions will be processed and first copies mailed within two (2) to four (4) weeks after receipt of order.

Back issues and other merchandise will be shipped within two (2) to five (5) weeks.

Non-urgent correspondence and photo submittals will be answered within two (2) two to five (5) weeks. Always allow at least a week to ten (10) days for transit time.

If you want us to acknowledge receipt of something, you MUST include a self-addressed, stamped card. Tip: Our worst backlogs occur during the two weeks prior to the release of an issue.

HOW TO DECIPHER THE CODE ON YOUR ADDRESS LABEL

Suppose the code on your address label says: 12/96 V (4.25). The date (12/96) indicates the even month and year when your last issue will arrive. The "V" (VIP) reveals that you are a long-time supporter and someone we especially value. Being a VIP has its advantages. The "4.25" means that you have a $4.25 credit due. Credit will be applied to your subscription if you do not use it against a purchase by the last issue of your subscription. Disregard any other notations.

HOW DID WE GET THAT FUNNY NAME?

CHIRON RISING is named after a comet (asteroid?) called "Chiron," which has an orbit near that of Pluto. Astrologers don't agree on the significance of the placement of this celestial body in a natal chart, but the astrological community has seen fit to track and chart its movement. Bruce and I both have Chiron smack on our rising signs in our natal charts. In other words, we both have **Chiron ... rising**. Get it?

HOW TO BECOME A CR MODEL

Follow special instructions (WAS THAT YOU IN CR?) herein.

HOW TO WRITE TO CR MODELS & WRITERS

Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil (NOT INK, BUT PENCIL) the name of the model/writer/etc. in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient. If you want unsolicited photos returned, don't send them without a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE).

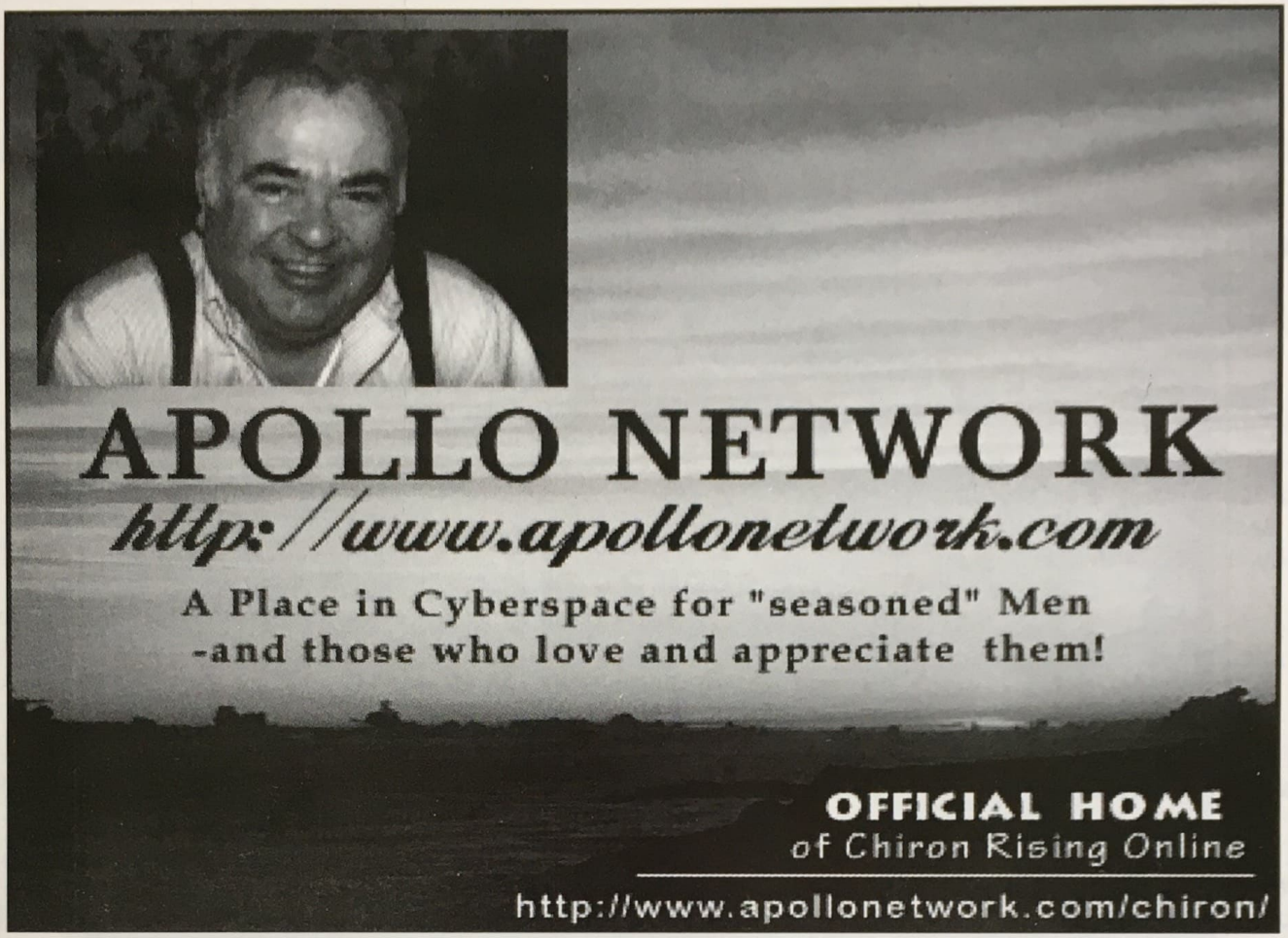
WHAT ABOUT RETURNED CHECKS?

If you overdraw by accident and contact us immediately, we will only charge you the $4 service fee our bank charges us. If, however, we have to take the time to contact you and resolve the matter, you may be billed a service charge of $25.00.

HOW MUCH FEEDBACK DO WE WANT FROM OUR READERS?

We welcome your comments and suggestions because we depend upon constructive criticism to help us grow. If you have a complaint, we want to hear about that too, because we want to make things right with our customers. Insulting, abusive, harassing or threatening communication will not be tolerated, however. We reserve the right to refuse the sale of products and services to anyone.

❄ ❄ ❄ ❄ ❄



ORDER OF THE SILVER SIMBA

SUFFER IN SILENCE NO LONGER

If you need bereavement support, the Order can help you if you get in touch with us. You do not have to be a subscriber or customer of CRPI, nor do you have to be a member of the Order of the Silver Simba. The simple act of asking for help entitles you to membership. We cannot refer you to a professional counselor or clergyman, but we will put you in touch with other men in your area who have suffered the same as you and survived. It is our sincere belief that benevolent contact with those who have walked in your shoes can provide a valid and effective alternative or supplement to professional therapies.

If you wish to donate spiritual support for a brother suffering through grief, send your name, address, telephone number, and a statement that you would like to offer your time and compassion to a grieving brother in your area. Also state if you: a) have lost a mate, b) are losing a mate, c) are just a compassionate soul wanting to help.

Your identity will never be divulged, either by list or referral. You will be contacted only by CR if your help is needed, and you will be supplied a contact.

Write: CR, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 9239, or call (760) 868-6371.

E-mail: crpi@aol.com

The Artwork of James L. Hawkins

Life Drawings of the nude male model made during the past thirty plus years.

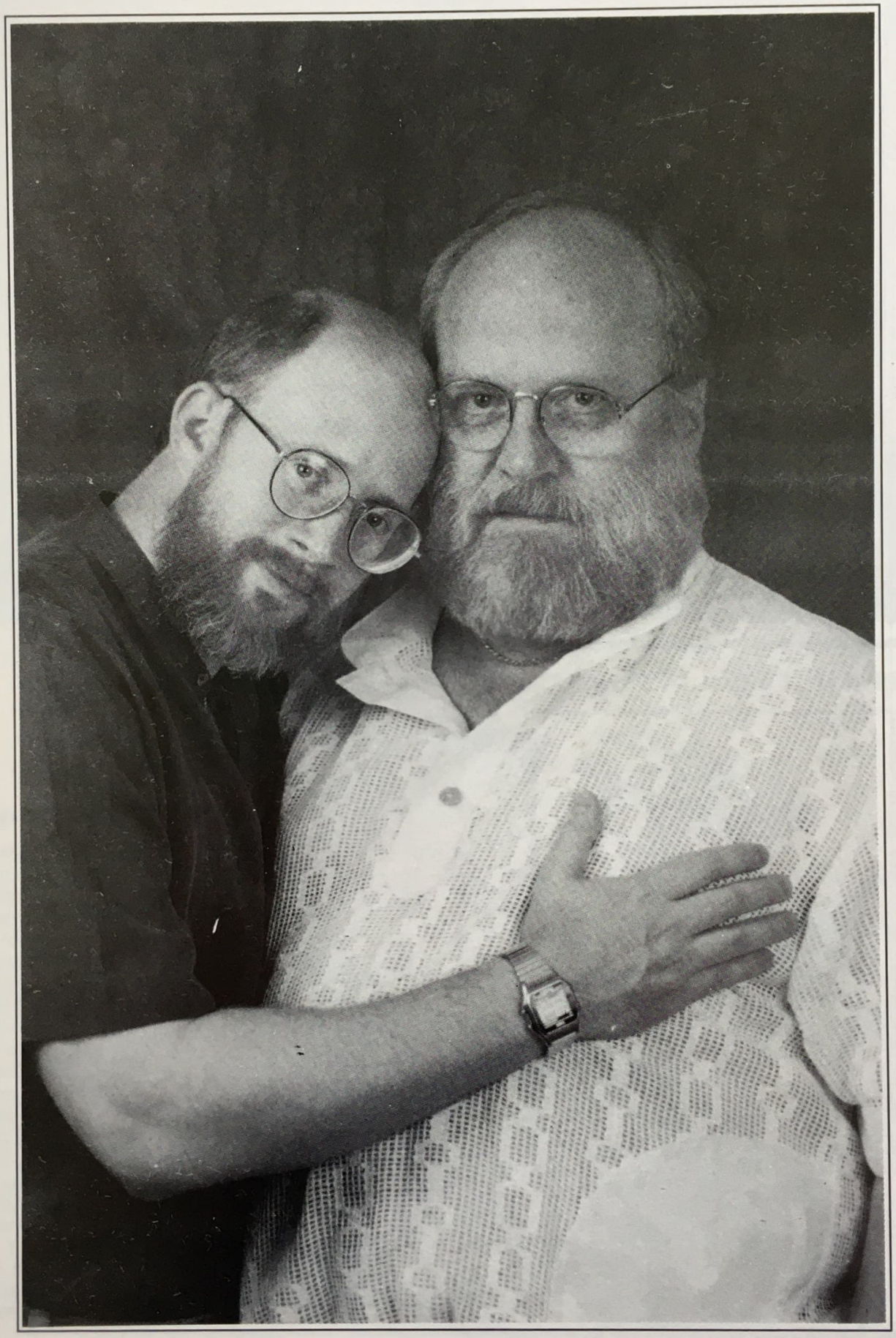
SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE

JAMES L. HAWKINS
Post Office Box 64250 Los Angeles, CA 90064
Fax 310-474-9645

ROSEY

joel

BELLYWARMER & BELLY BEAR



WAS THAT **YOU** IN CR?

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send a sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself. Can't find a good photo? Then get a good photographer to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, get some professional portraits. Please don't send Polaroids, sex shots with obvious or simulated penetration or masturbation, photos with half your head or penis missing, or portraits of yourself standing too far away. Avoid high-noon bright sunlight (it shadows your eyes) and straight-on flashes (they project dark shadows on the wall behind you and make your pupils appear red). If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send us a stamped return envelope (Foreign: IRC or $1 cash). Photos could become lost or damaged, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE SIMILAR TO OR ACTUALLY THOSE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN ANOTHER MAGAZINE. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN PUBLISHED ELSEWHERE.

THE FOLLOWING FORM IS REQUIRED IN ORDER TO HAVE YOUR PHOTOGRAPH(S) FEATURED IN CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE. CAREFULLY WRITE YOUR NAME ON THE BACK OF EACH SUBMITTED PHOTOGRAPH AND BLOT SO THAT INK DOES NOT GET ON FRONT OF PHOTO.

TO: CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.
P.O. BOX 2589
VICTORVILLE, CA 92393

FROM: _____

This is to certify that I am the owner of the publication rights to and the model featured in the photography enclosed herein. I assign one-time rights of publication to Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. I further certify that I am at least 18 years of age, having been born on _____, 19 ___. It is understood that all publication rights revert back to me upon publication and that my photography may have to be cropped to suit the needs of publisher.

I hereby waive any compensation in return for the publication rights to subject photography.

I request that the name of _____ be published as the name of the model, in lieu of my real name. The photographer's name should be designated as _____.

The following information should be used in any biographical sketch accompanying my photography:

Age:_____; Height: _____; Weight: _____; Area of Residence: _____

Likes: _____

Looking for: _____

I do _____ do not _____ authorize the use of my photograph on the front cover of CR.

I am currently involved in no _____/ an open _____/ a closed _____ personal relationship.

I certify that I have not signed a release with any other magazine for publication of subject photography within the past year. I further certify that I will not authorize publication of subject photography in any other magazine until same is published in CR. I promise to answer all letters forwarded to me as a result of my photo's publication and fully understand that my photography will be published as space is available and that no timetable is implied or promised.

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State (Province)/Zip (Code) _____

Country: _____

Date: _____

Telephone number: _____

NOTE: SUBMIT PHOTOGRAPHY AND THIS RELEASE FORM, PROPERLY COMPLETED AND SIGNED TO CRPI, AS NOTED ABOVE

THE CLASSIFIEDS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in older issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands. Unforwardable letters will be marked with a "U" and returned to sender.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTICE - WE WILL NOT:

1. WAIT IN LINE AT THE POST OFFICE FOR LETTERS WITH POSTAGE DUE. SUCH LETTERS WILL NOT BE CLAIMED.

2. FORWARD LARGE QUANTITIES OF MAIL FOR THOSE READERS WHO WRITE ALL NEW MODELS AND ADVERTISERS (AND WHO COULD BE PHOTO COLLECTORS OR MAILING LIST COMPILERS). WE WILL FORWARD FIVE PIECES OF MAIL PER WRITER AT NO CHARGE. FOR EVERY LETTER OVER FIVE, YOU MUST ENCLOSE $1 EACH (6 LETTERS = $1; 10 LETTERS = $5; 12 LETTERS = $7, ETC.). THIS IS *PER WRITER, NOT PER ENVELOPE.*

3. FORWARD LETTERS WITHOUT PROPER POSTAGE.

ALABAMA

(6/97) ALABAMA/SOUTHEAST: GBM, 26, tired of doing things alone, is looking for friends, 50+, who enjoy movies, music, theatre, and dining out. Also enjoy sporting events and travel. Seeking nonsmokers who are fun, warm, down-to-earth, good sense of humor, and like to try new things. Penpals welcome. Write: **BLAZER**

ARIZONA

(6/97) ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 60, 6 ft., 250#, HIV negative, looking for someone 30-60 for friendship and possible LTR, if compatible. Light drinker and smoker okay. No drugs. Looks and body not important, but heart and soul are. I am a student who is training to become travel agent. Love to travel. Just learning computers. Enjoy most forms of safe sex. Your photo gets mine: **BAREKAT**

CALIFORNIA-NORTH

(8/97) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: Healthy, active, professional GWM, 68, 5'-10", 185#, romantic and horny, looking for passion and affection with another average-built, mature male. Write: Bill Jones, 324 Larkin St., San Francisco, CA 94102, or call (415) 431-0644.

(6/97) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Asian, mid-40s, 5'-6", slim, good-looking, HIV negative, nonsmoker/drinker, easy going, caring, affectionate, wish to meet an older GWM for possible relationship. My interests include quiet times, music, movies, travel. Please drop a line. Photo appreciated and returned. Jim, 537 Jones #2450, San Francisco, CA 94102.

(6/97) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/OREGON: Bi-Married, handsome, masculine, 57, 6'-2", 215#, educated, warm, outdoorsy, blue-eyed mystic with sexy gray moustache, uncut rod, and smooth/large sac is fishing for a little buddy who is non-scene, masculine, and unusually responsive to older/married men. Insatiable kisser, oral, and HIV negative a must. No smoke, drugs, excessive booze. Send photo and letter to ROD.

CALIFORNIA-SOUTH

(4/98) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Fun-loving and happily horny, masculine and versatile GWM seeks assertive man. Size, age, potency not important; responsiveness is. You are masculine and you kiss and hug passionately. I am 65, 5'-10", 215#, 6" cut, hairy, talented and enthusiastic. Extra-special feature: I am also one-half of newly merged pair open to occasional threesome. Partner is masculine, erudite, hairy and was a total virgin until the age of 71!! Now 76, 5'-7", 150#, 5" cut and thick, he's a quick, easy learner. You are virile, 25-45, medium body, cut and hung medium to small. HIV negative required. Hairy a plus. We are open to ideas. Twosome or threesome available. Try us. Write: Fred M., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(8/97) ORANGE-L.A. COUNTIES/NATIONWIDE: Loving, gay male any age, 50+, gray with beard and mustache, HIV negative, who wants to service a caring gay couple, 66 and 37, possible live-in. Must like to play subservient (not S&M, not a servant) and who enjoys being both top and bottom in every way. Big plus if you are hearing-impaired, or want to learn signing and truly get off on obedience to Dad/loving to Son. Total dedication to the "family" is required should we find the three of us are compatible and desire to live together. Want to find out? Photo will get photo. Write: **TUFLUV DAD/SONLUV DAD**

(10/98) LOS ANGELES: GWM, 58, 5'-9", 230#, wants a drug-free, monogamous, French-mutual, Greek-active lover under 40. Write: George, Box 461423, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

(8/97) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: SEXY, SOPHISTICATED, STABLE AND SECURE GWM, 46, 6'-1", 190#, searching for that illusive someone to share a beautiful lifestyle. Prefer Latin/European/Oriental, 40-50, stable and secure, in So. Cal. area. There is so much to experience and enjoy. Why not together? Write: **LARRY**

(10/97) LONG BEACH/NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: GHM, 48, 5'-9", 205#, ex-priest, handsome, friendly, nice, sincere, affectionate, loyal, honest, spiritual, enjoys movies, traveling, music, photography, socializing, helping others, seeks 27-50 with similar interests and qualities. I'm hairy, uncut, Mexican background, not hung, stocky. Looking for friendship and more. letter with photo to Antonio, 2100 E. 2nd St. #503, Long Beach, CA 90803.

(4/98) SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 54, 5'-11", 235#, salt-pepper, moustache, smooth chest, masculine, discreet, seeks to 60 for friendship and fun. Enjoy outdoors/nature, photography, nudity, exploring safe and sensual encounters (eg. massage, etc.). Only correspond with those can meet at some time. Write: Ed R., P.O. Box 90465, San Diego, CA 92169.

FLORIDA

(10/97) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 64, 5'-8", 142#, chest 39", waist 32", bottom, trim, smooth swimmer's body, entirely clean-shaven head to toe, dancer, singer, educated, affectionate, hot, seeks control and discipline from a TOP willing to relocate. HIV negative. Write: Pierre Monet, P.O. Box 8543, Jupiter, FL 33468.

(6/97) CENTRAL FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Couple, 71/75, OPEN relationship. Seeking singles/couples, 25+ for sex/friendship our home. Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32158 or (352) 753-2857 or JBitt58799@aol.com

(8/97) FLORIDA/MIDWEST: GWM, 64, 165#, nonsmoker, pattern bald, cut 5.5", seeks 50+, honest, stable buddy who likes French A/P, cuddling, reading, TV History Channel, walking, travel, etc. Willing to share my home with someone who wants long-term relationship. Write: **QOM**

(6/97) SOUTHWEST FLORIDA/FT. MYERS AREA: Bi-WM, 65, 5'-11", 192#, balding, seeking quality guy over 55, who would like to room with me, double-wide mobile. Slim, nonsmoker, personable. Permanent arrangement for right man. Let's talk. Co-ownership? Photo to: R.C., P.O. Box 4038, North Ft. Myers, FL 33918, or call (941) 656-3911.

ILLINOIS

(10/97) NATIONWIDE: Strip me naked! Young-looking, cute, bi, 29 yo, 6 ft., 210#, "big boy" look, seeks nice, safe, friendly man sharing fantasies where, under some preplanned situation, you "force" me to undress and JO against my will. Many scenes possible! Maybe you're my teacher, and I'm a failing student. You'll pass me if I let you see me naked. Your hands gently remove my clothing then fondle my shy, nude body. I'm humiliated as I grow uncontrollably aroused. Soon, my penis ignores my brain and—! We cuddle, rest, have awkward conversation. Then, my mental anguish and physical joy begin again, as you drain me all night long. Sound like fun? No S & M, Greek—just hot masturbation play and friendship sought. Your age, looks, body, city, don't matter. Personality, similar interests, ideas, do. Send yours! K. Jacob, Box 618601, Chicago, IL 60661. Will travel.

INDIANA

(6/97) INDIANA/NATIONWIDE: BiMWM, 69, 5'-9", 190#, balding, bearded, very oral character, seeks friends/penpals for frank, uninhibited correspondence exploring our fantasies. More with locals? Enjoy art, books, music (classical and jazz), cooking. Write: **FANTASIES PLUS**

KANSAS

(6/97) MANHATTAN: 32-year-old black male, 6'-2", 180#, HIV negative, professionally secure, nonsmoker, goal-oriented, loyal and passionate. On a once-in-a-lifetime search for an exec/fatherly type gentleman, 40-72, any race, for a loving, monogamous relationship/friendship full of love and emotional support. Size and looks not important. Various interests. Serious inquiries only. Can relocate. Answer all. Photo. J.W., P.O. Box 1721, Manhattan, KS 66505.

MAINE

(6/97) PORTLAND/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 37, 5'-9", 175#, blue/brown, clean-cut, attractive, masculine, warm, seeks older, 45+, masculine, for friendship and more. Like to travel; receptive to visitors. Also like music and theater. Photo and phone will get prompt reply. Write: R.W., P.O. Box 1244, Westbrook, ME 04098.

MICHIGAN

(6/97) SUBURBAN DETROIT: Still hoping to find a nonsmoking, monogamous companion (late 40s to late 50s, average build, hairy) who enjoys being/working around home as well as live theatre, movies, golf, classic autos, Sunday drives, entertaining family/friends, and affectionate conversation (including sex!!). I'm GWM, semi-closeted, 48, 5'-8", 170#, and moderately hairy. If you're looking to settle down, please write and send a photo to: **HOMEBODY**

MISSISSIPPI

(4/98) BILOXI: Retired professor desires to meet clergy, professional men, blacks. Am 71 years of age, Christian worker in church. Am available for travel to visit and for visitors to see me in my apartment. Write: J.W., P.O. Box 4056, Biloxi, MS 39535.

(6/97) PASSING THROUGH? I am right on your route. I live 50 miles east of New Orleans. Have normal measurements if you can, but a little bit overweight is okay. Stop by, but send photo first. Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

MISSOURI

(6/97) ST. LOUIS: 51 year old submissive white male, clean, HIV negative, and expect same, seeking dominant male, any race, 70+ for oral pleasures. Revealing photo and phone appreciated. T.P., P.O. Box 410118, St. Louis, MO 63141.

NEBRASKA

(8/97) LINCOLN/NATIONWIDE: GWM, Middle 60s, 5'-11", 190#, curly white hair and beard, slim build, HIV negative, moderate drinker, nonsmoker, retired, professional, masculine. Travel and sex aficionado! I like movies, theater, jazz, art, architecture,

cooking and dining out. I would like to meet someone with similar interests who has the financial ability to be a traveling companion. Phone: Martin @ (402) 488-3413.

(10/97) YORK/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 32, 5'-8", 195#, HIV negative, hairy, clean-cut, light drinker, nonsmoker, loving, caring. Interests include aviation, RC places and helicopters, cooking, movies, photography. Can travel. Seeks 60+ for friendship and more. Phone Corey @ (402) 362-2835.

NEVADA

(6/97) RENO/NATIONWIDE: 60ish guy seeks friends/penpals. Likes: railroads, travel, musicals, architecture. Rick: (702) 329-2474.

NEW JERSEY

(6/97) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 67, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

(6/97) NEW JERSEY/EAST COAST: GWM, 69, 5'-8", 170#, fair, blue eyes, retired PhD. in excellent health, seeks 30-50, active black topman. Moustache, hairy a plus. I enjoy traveling, nude sunbathing, cooking, gardening, have hideaway near sea. Your photo (will return) with telephone number gets prompt reply. Write; Richard George, 79 Laurel Drive., Highlands, NJ 07732.

NEW YORK

(6/97) NATIONWIDE - OVER 65? Masculine GWM, 45, tall, trim, hairy, warm, caring, romantic, loyal, non-promiscuous, nonsmoker, health-conscious, crazy about older men, seeks unattached, affectionate and dignified gentleman over 65 for passionate, monogamous relationship of a lifetime. Let me service you, love you, worship you. Let us enter our own new world. You and me together. Any area. Please send detailed letter and photo. Steve Collingwood, Box 246, 208 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022.

(6/97) GARDEN CITY/NEW YORK: Blond, blue, 42, 197#, well built, 6 ft., sportsman type, professional, into tenderness, seeks 60+, mature RAM type, bulky, masculine, manly. Inquire: G.C., 734 Franklin Ave., Suite 601, Garden City, NY 11530.

OHIO

(6/97) COLUMBUS: GWM, 56, 6 ft., 220#, silver hair, blue eyes, very healthy, seeks slim, 25-45, for friendship and lots more. Enjoy travel, sports, etc. Your photo appreciated. Will answer all letters. Like to hear from 34-year-old Greg from Nashville. Write: J.R., P.O. Box 24482, Columbus, OH 43224

(6/97) N.E. CENTRAL OHIO: BiWM, 48, 5'-10", 190#, grey hair, seeks 50-70, straight-acting professor, country gentleman type. Weight proportional to height. Prefer nonsmoker. I like cars, antique aircraft, good food, and good roll in the sack! Your photo gets mine. Write: **DESIGNER**

(10/97) COLUMBUS AND CENTRAL OHIO: GWM, 47, 5'-2", 250#, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks 25-65, average to somewhat heavy build. Enjoy reading, films, cats and cars. Your photo and telephone number will get prompt reply. Write: T.W.C., 1161 Norton Road, Galloway, OH 43119, or call (614) 853-0181.

OKLAHOMA

(8/97) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM exec, 54, 6'-5", 240#, brown/blue, eclectic, sensual, romantic, seeks 25-65+, preferably versatile, for friendship and more, possibly including monogamous long-term relationship. Enjoy nature, travel, quiet relaxing pursuits, modest/honest/unpretentious people/lifestyle. Particularly interested in European and Asian (Japanese, Chinese, Indonesian, Sri Lankan) men. Write with photo (explicit if you wish): **HAWK**

TENNESSEE

(6/97) NASHVILLE: GWM, 53, 6 ft., 245#, bald, well-endowed, seeks 45+ for mutual oral pleasure. Letters with photo (nude if possible) get first consideration. **BIG'N**

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: Letters to coded advertisers will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient.)

(6/97) ITALY: I am 25, virile, lonely, sensual. I love nudism and I seek mature men, 45-80, for friendship, exchanging correspondence, phone talk and, if possible, a visit. Letter with photo and/or phone appreciated. Will answer all. Write: **FERRARI**

(6/97) CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA/NATIONWIDE U.S.: GWM, 60, 6'-1", 155#, masculine, trim, healthy, smooth, handsome, nonsmoker, oral expert, caring, uncut 6-1/2", reliable. Interests: nature, travel, hiking, nudism, good food, home life, politics. Visits U.S. annually. Seeking hot, assertive, masculine singles/couples, average to well-hung, 40-70, for good friendship, fun times, group encounters. Returnable nude photo gets mine. Write: D.L., Box 15826, Vlaeberg, 8018, South Africa.

(6/97) USA & CANADA: AUSTRALIAN relocating to the States. GWM, 52, 5'-6", 185#, UC, HIV negative, brown hair, green eyes, masculine, moderately hairy. Funloving with a wide variety of interests. Sexually I'm subservient, willing to be your SM bottom and please you. I am professionally retired and financially self-sufficient. Looking for suitable partner for possible relationship. Ideally you are overweight or of stocky, solid build, very hairy, with a sadistic tendency. Any age, race, colourscheme. But hairy body essential. Will be visiting the states second half of 1997. Please write to C.R., P.O. Box 492, Brookvale, N.S.W. 2100, AUSTRALIA.

(6/97) ATHENS, GREECE; CHRISTOPHE SAL: Meet me at Orlando Twin Towers in May or call me. I've tried your number without results. Harry Schneider.

(6/97) KENYA: Young man, 22, seeks gay penpals. I am well endowed! Interests include stamp collecting, traveling, swimming. Will re-

ply to all, regardless of age, color or looks. Eric Onyango, P.O. Box 7145, Eldoret, KENYA.

(6/97) SWITZERLAND: Top GWM, 42, 89 kgs, 187 cms, Fr. A/P, Gr. A, looking for 40+ big, burly, hairy bottom Daddy Bear worldwide. Willing to travel here in Switzerland. Interests: classical music, opera, group sex, private photos and videos. Write with photo to: Pierre Gagneux, P.O. Box 324, 1618 Chatel-St.-Denis, SWITZERLAND, or send me a message my e-mail: leo@span.ch

[IMPORTANT NOTE: Send unsolicited photos at your own risk. If you have sent solicited photos to a model or advertiser and they are reluctant to return same, write them again and copy us. Notice to models and advertisers: we will not tolerate failure to return solicited photos when asked to do so. Responders: please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for.]

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

BED AND BREAKFAST

MILE HI BED/BREAKFAST. In the heart of the Denver Gay District (Cheesman Park). Kingsize bed, VCR/TV, video library, private bath, off-street parking, jacuzzi, sauna, massage available. Special CR rate: $39 single/$49 double. Call Bob @ (800) 513-7827

MASSAGE

MERRYBEAR BODYWORK/SEATTLE: Grrrs to purrs, paws-on pleasure. Licensed Swedish/Deep-Tissue massage; mature, down-to-earth masseur; super-reasonable rates. John: (206) 937-1486.

WRITTEN ON A COMPANY CHECK FOR GATHERING 97 REGISTRATION:

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INCREDIBLE HEALTH & INCOME OPPORTUNITY

At 74, I feel 35. I found magnets to walk, sit, sleep on for super energy and STRESS relief. Now I sleep like a baby for nightly REGENERATION. Discomforts disappear.

The company I represent uses 21st Century technology with their "Far Infrared" products incorporated into comforters for night time sleeping and seats for day time sitting. They neutralize our excess body acid without drugs or surgery. Too much acids cause diseases: arthritis, rheumatism, and cancers.

Both modalities are natural and passive. There are over 20 million happy users in 19 countries. At 22 years old, it's the 4th largest network marketing company in the world. We have the highest paid distributors, as everyone needs and wants these health benefits. New to USA from Japan, which has the least health care costs.

Send $9.00 for video and two audios for information on becoming a distributor in order to buy wholesale. You can enjoy higher quality health, and if you choose to ear big $$$, you can share in these BENEFITS.

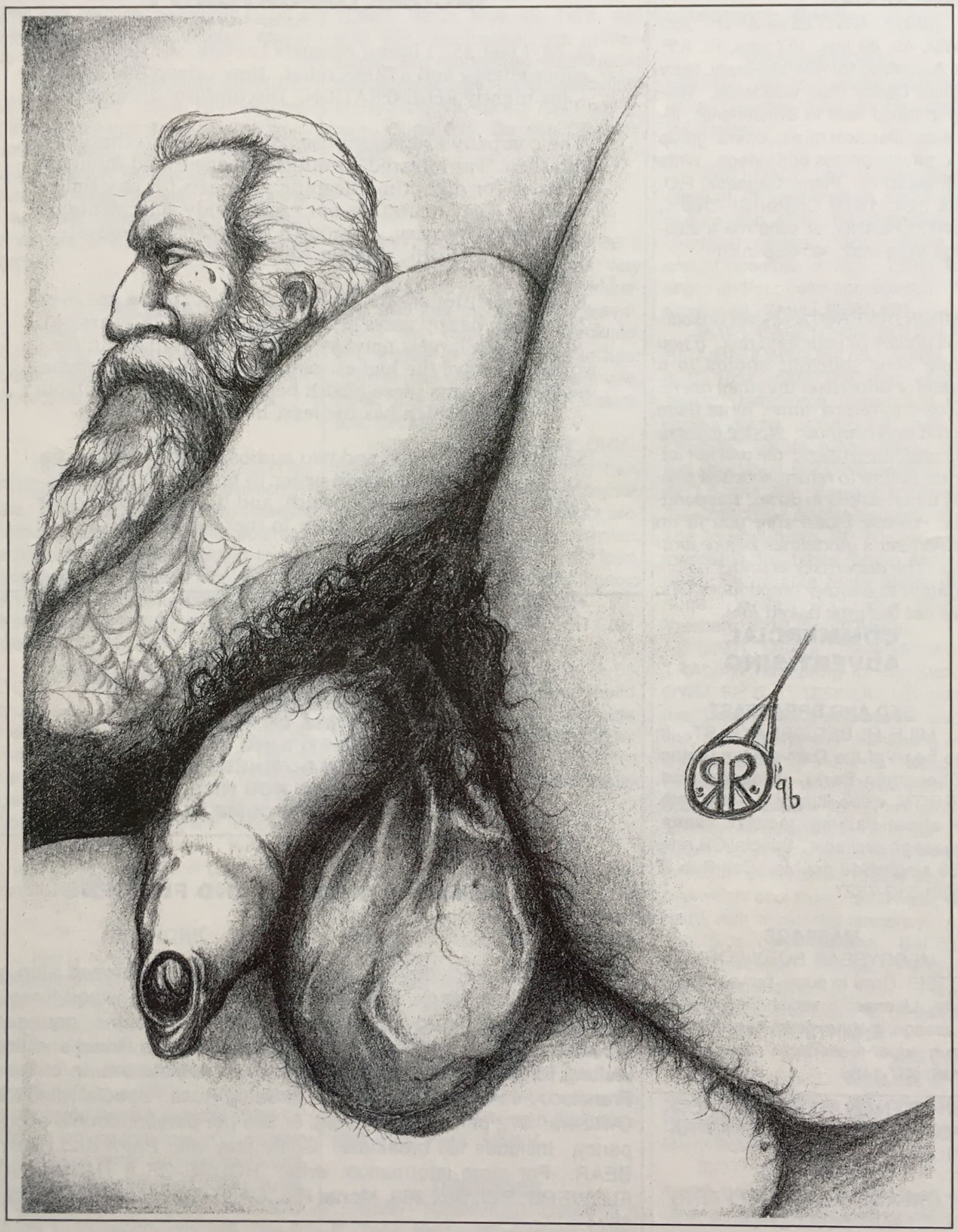
A.E. Frazier, 4400 Lakeside Drive, Dallas, TX 75205

ROGER'S PLACE

A COZY BED & BREAKFAST IN SAN FRANCISCO
$45/NIGHT - (415) 441-5191
$10 OFF TO ALL CR READERS
FULL BREAKFAST; KING SIZE BED;
10 YEARS IN BUSINESS ON
PRESTIGIOUS NOB HILL,
WHERE FANTASIES COME ALIVE!

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS

An enchanted, secluded bed and breakfast resort perched atop a mountain called "Magic" in the midst of an ancient redwood forest. Guests are pampered with elegantly appointed rooms, gourmet breakfasts, a spa, breathtaking view of the Russian River, and the wafting fragrance of thousands of flowers. Located north of San Francisco near the coast and west of Santa Rosa. Special rates for C-Risers: $72 per room per night, or $36 per person, double occupancy. Includes full breakfast. Come stay with PAPA and BABY BEAR. For more information, write: HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, P.O. Box 369, Monte Rio, CA 95462, or call (707) 632-5571.


RR
'96

For the Mature Male and his Admirers

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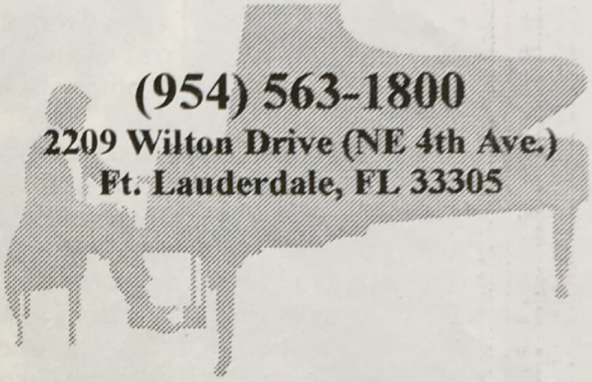

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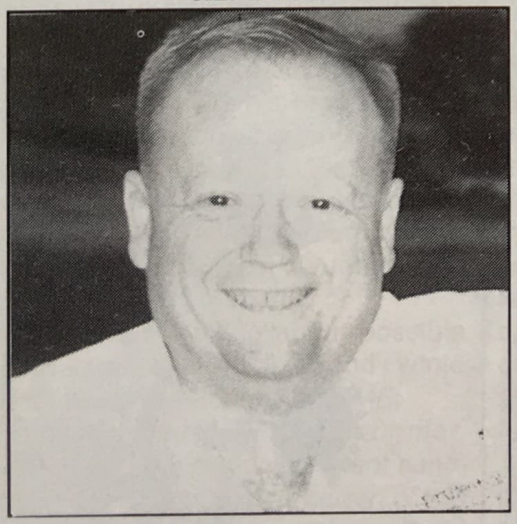

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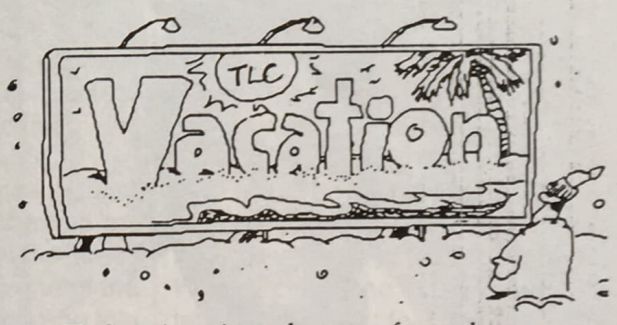

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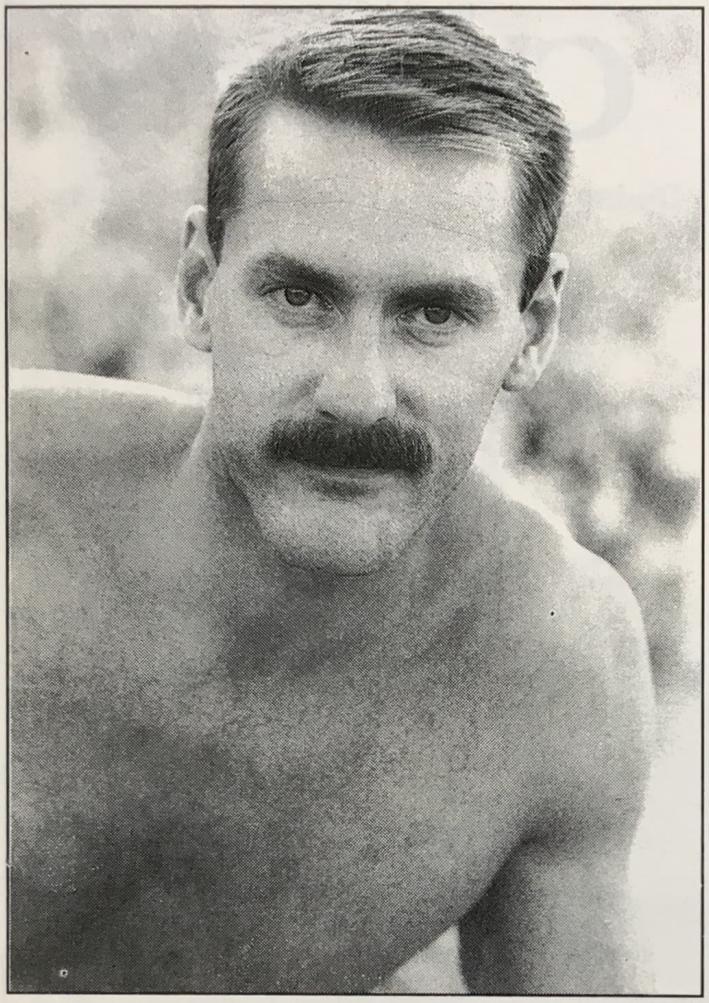

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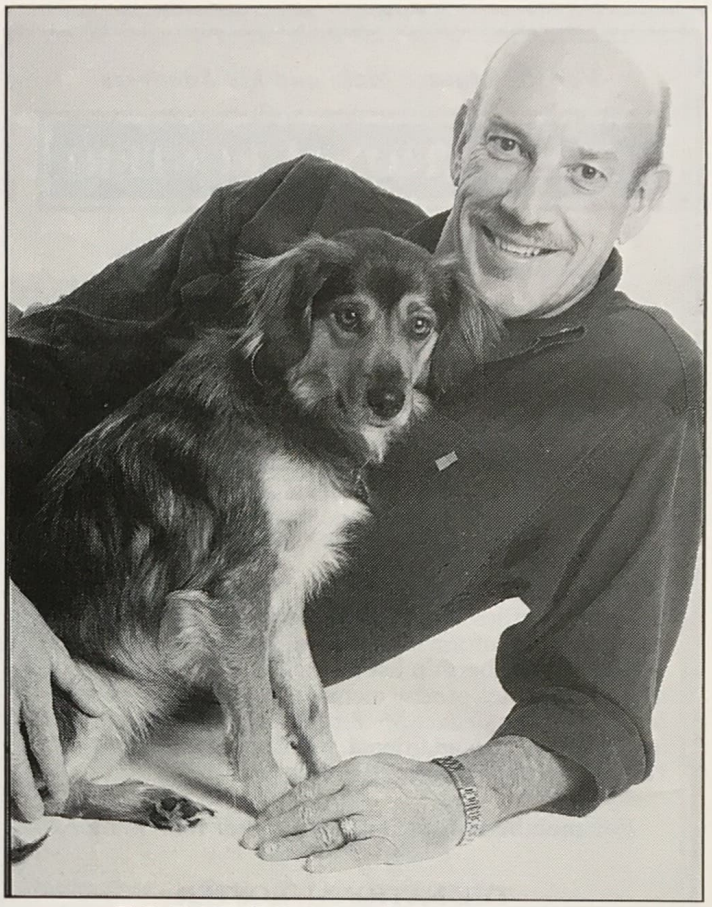

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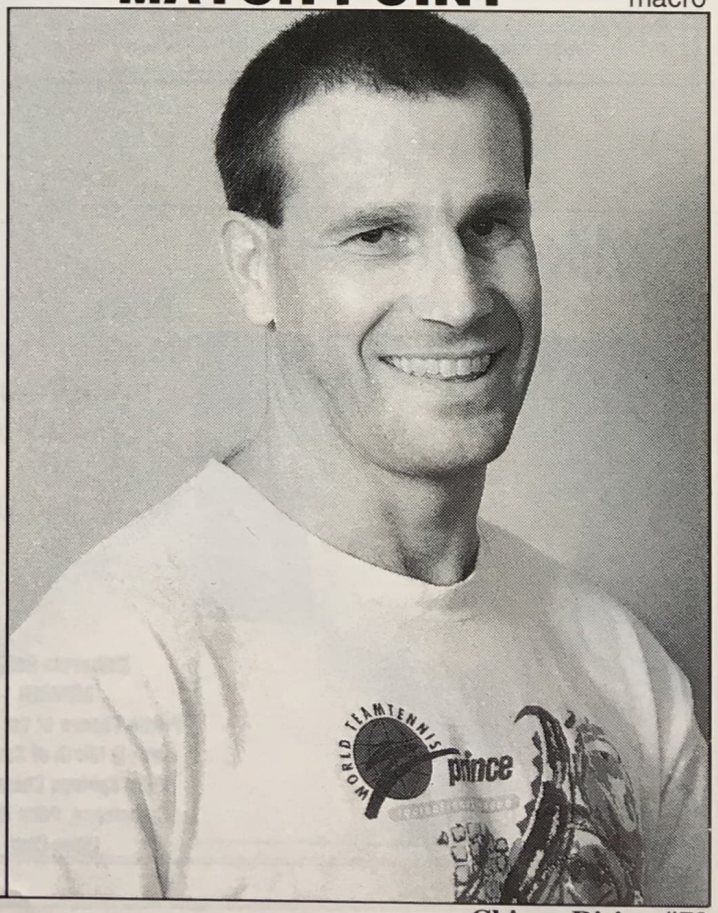

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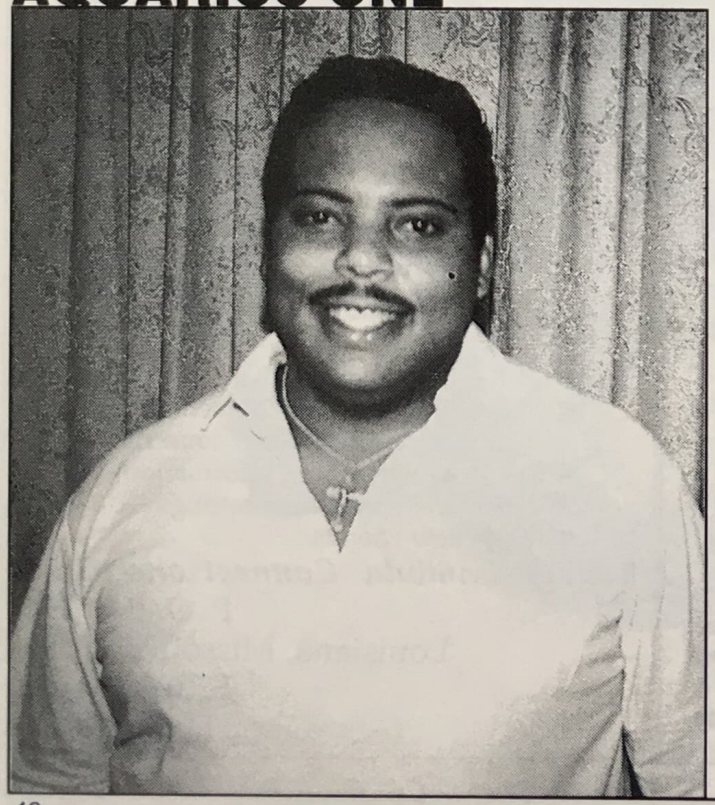


ON THE TOPIC OF SAME-SEX UNIONS

by LUIS TORRES (KOKOPELLI)

We are both 60, my partner Don and I, and we've been together 13 years. Neither of us is a gay-rights activist. We try to keep informed about topics of interest to gay people throughout the nation; we contribute to selected causes; we occasionally participate in activities of the gay community.

One does not unlearn easily the lessons of 60 years. During our formative years discretion and secrecy were the norms of gay interaction, and these attitudes became even more a way of life for my partner, who worked for 36 years at the National Security Agency, traditionally one of most gay-unfriendly agencies of our national government, second only perhaps to the CIA or the FBI in that attitude.

So, after all that, why did we end up outing ourselves in a national publication this past September? Believe you me, it was an accident; totally unplanned, but, now that is over, it is something that neither of us regrets.

TIME magazine closes each issue with an essay. Some of these essays are serious and to the point, others are trivial or funny. Most of them I can either ignore, or read and quickly forget. The one in the July 22, 1996 issue, "When John and Jim Say 'I Do,'" by Charles Krauthammer, however, made me see red. I don't mind someone objecting to the idea of same-sex unions if there is a cogent argument behind that objection. Mr. Krauthammer, however, tried to make his case by positing worst-case scenarios and then saying: "See, if we say 'yes,' that's what is going to happen: What about polygamy? What about two brothers, a father and son, or a daughter and mother wanting to marry? "

Without thinking about possible consequences, I sat down and I wrote a "Letter to the Editors" of *TIME*:

Very well Mr. Krauthammer, whether or not the government sanctions gay marriage, as a citizen of this country, you can bet your booty that I want the same benefits that you and others enjoy. I've served in your army, taught in your colleges, written for your publications. I also pay taxes like everybody else, vote in local and national elections, and try to lead an ethical and useful life. My partner and I have been together for 13 years. Together we raised his two daughters, who today are admirable human beings, none the worse for having their formative years shaped and anguished over by two men, rather than by a man and a woman.

Now that we are approaching old age, I want our future to be secure without our having to resort to all sorts of legal subterfuges to insure that what we have built together is not taken away by the larger society, including family members who would have otherwise repudiated us for what we are. I want him to be able to inherit my benefits if I die before he does. I want to be covered by his medical benefits as a federal government retiree. I want our waning years to be secure.

If you can't find it in yourself to recognize our achievement in a society marked by the impermanence of relations, then, so be it. We did not need your sanction when we first got together and we do not need your approval now. However, don't offend our intelligence with your sophistry and your disingenuous arguments.

I had vented steam, and I thought that was the end of that. Much to my surprise, however, a few weeks later, I received a phone call from one of the magazine's "Letters" editors. She told me the magazine had been debating the possibility of establishing a special column where they could use readers' letters when there was an unusual response to a topic. Mr. Krauthammer's essay had produced such a response, and, if I agreed to it, they would like to feature my letter in the column.

I told her that I did not mind at all, if she used my letter, and spent the next 15 or 20 minutes responding to her questions about my life and background. Then came the question: "You mention your partner and his daughters. Could we mention him by name? Could we talk about his background?" I couldn't answer for him, so I asked if I could call her back in a short while.

Don had gone to visit a friend of ours who had just had a mild stroke. I called him there, and introduced the topic: "How would you like to come out in a national publication?" When I finished my explanation, there was a short silence on the other end of the line. After 36 years of "living under wraps" at work, I honestly could not predict what his reaction would be.

Then came the response: "Well..., if not now, *when!?!*" I called my contact person at *TIME*, told her about it, and finished answering her questions. Within a half hour of the end of our conversation, a freelance photographer was at my door for a photo.

The "Readers' Forum" in the September 9 issue carried my photograph and that of a 32-year-old man in Washington, D.C. According to the column, nearly 500 readers had responded to Mr. Krauthammer's essay, 90% of them strongly objecting to his arguments.

The publication of the magazine brought us some unexpected local attention also: the San Antonio channel of the Fox TV network called to ask us if we would be willing to be interviewed on the air in that evening's newscast. Again, we debated the pros and cons. When I called the station's representative to decline I told her:

"Look, we would love to talk publicly about this topic, because we're convinced that it deserves more serious consideration than it has thus far received. But, let's face it, we still live in a country where gay people are sometimes beaten or even killed simply for the fact that they are gay, and we also live in Texas, where that seems to happen more often than elsewhere. We're comfortable with being outed in a national magazine, because one can

assume that anyone who reads the article either a) has bothered to buy the magazine, or b) is at least interested enough in current topics to pick up the magazine and read it.

"Unfortunately, any boob can turn the on/off switch on a TV, and TV sets play mindlessly in bars and other such places where 'bubbas' congregate. We have a life we thoroughly enjoy here in San Antonio, and we don't need to have crosses burned on our lawn, or our phone line tied up with crank calls."

As soon as the issue hit the stands, however, one of Don's former coworkers e-mailed that the column had probably cost the government several million dollars in wasted man-hours, because for two days it was the only thing the agency could talk about. The article was posted on hallway bulletin boards, and the text was sent by electronic mail to those who had worked with him in the past, were now at stations around the globe, and thus could not get an actual copy of the magazine right away. At that point, Don sat down and prepared an e-mail message calling attention to the *TIME* article, and sent it out to our entire electronic address book, especially to all his former colleagues and coworkers.

The personal responses from his coworkers were more than heartening. They all reiterated that they had always respected his integrity, his devotion to his work, and, from those who worked for him, his fairness, his loyalty, and the many good turns he had done for them. Basically, they said, "Your personal life is your own affair, and none of anyone else's business." Their reaction had been the great unknown in all of this, and the nature of that reaction demonstrates that we tend to underestimate those around us.

Most of these coworkers either knew me personally, or, at least, knew of my existence. Now that the truth was out, I guess some of them finally understood why we had shared a house for so many years, why we had traveled together, and why we shared so many activities. We have had visits in San Antonio from a number of them in the past, which we and they have enjoyed, and I expect that there will be other such visits in the future, and that they will probably be more pleasant and relaxed, now that all the cards are on the table.

In my case, the reactions were sort of delayed. When the article appeared in *TIME*, a few friends and acquaintances with whom I had lost contact were able to trace me to Texas. From my family, however, I heard not one word, but, since they all still live in Puerto Rico with the exception of my sister in Florida, I assumed that they simply did not read *TIME* magazine and thus had never taken notice.

My sister is the only family member who knew I was gay. She returns to the island much more regularly than I do and, after her Christmas visit, she called and told me that, contrary to my assumption, everyone, with the exception of my parents, who are 96 and 86 and have been in poor health, had read the *TIME* article. That included my two brothers and my father's younger sister, Aunt Sara, with whom Don and I had always had a very cordial relation. (She delighted in exchanging recipes with us and hearing about our travels!)

When I was growing up, Aunt Sara and my father's other sister both had homes around the corner from our house. We were three boys and a girl; the second aunt was married and had three girls and a boy, and, since we are all of similar ages, the eight of us grew up as "primos-hermanos," that is, more like siblings than like cousins. According to my sister, of my aunt's three girls the youngest one commented about the *TIME* article: "Well, it just goes to show that our family has style. Even when we do something like coming out, we do it in a national publication!" Aunt Sara, however, was quoted as saying she had received our Christmas card, but did not intend to reply to it.

Interpreting my cousin's comment as, if not positive, at least non-judgmental, I sat down and I wrote her and her husband a long letter in which I explained, among other things, that being gay was not something I had chosen—it would have been a stupid choice indeed to thus open myself to discrimination, rejection, and possible violence!—but that I had long ago decided to do the best I could and to seek my happiness where I could find it. I added that, to those who could come to terms with this, Don and I extended our hand in friendship and offered the hospitality of our home. To those who couldn't do so, I simply had to bid farewell, reminding them that they know where to find us if they ever change their mind.

I faxed the letter to my cousin on Christmas Eve, not knowing that she would take it to her family's Christmas Day celebration, where the letter was passed around and read by everyone present! In a few days, I received a phone call from her, and in the following weeks I heard from other cousins whom I had not seen or talked to in some 20 or 30 years. The predominant theme in their comments was that, if my being gay was why I had absented myself from the family and from the island for these forty-some years, there was no reason to do so, and that they welcomed our visit anytime we wanted to come.

Upon my sister's recommendation, I sent my two brothers letters similar to the one I had sent my cousin. Thus far, the reaction from them has been accepting, or at least not negative. Oh, and when I asked my cousin about Aunt Sara's comment, she corrected my sister's impression. What Aunt Sara had said upon getting the news was that at age 80, considering such things put her under too much stress, so she was simply going to pretend that she had never received the news! By the way, her Christmas card did arrive, after all. Better late than never, I suppose.

Curiously, it seemed that our "national outing" was the initial part of a flood of treatments of the topic of gay marriage or same-sex unions in newspapers, magazines, and on television. Unfortunately, this flood was followed by the sorry spectacle of our Congress passing the so-called "Defense of Marriage Act," and the even sorrier spectacle of President Clinton signing it under cover of darkness. My opinion of the whole charade was best expressed by a cartoonist in the Wash-

ington Post, who made a movie poster of his panel. The heading "A Republican Family Values Production," stood above the title: "The First Wives Club." The fictional movie starred: "The First Mrs. Bob Dole, the First Mrs. Al D'Amato, the First Mrs. Newt Gingrich, the First Mrs. Phil Gramm, the First Mrs. Rush Limbaugh, and the First Mrs. Dick Armey." And these are the people who are conducting a crusade to defend marriage in America? Give me a break!

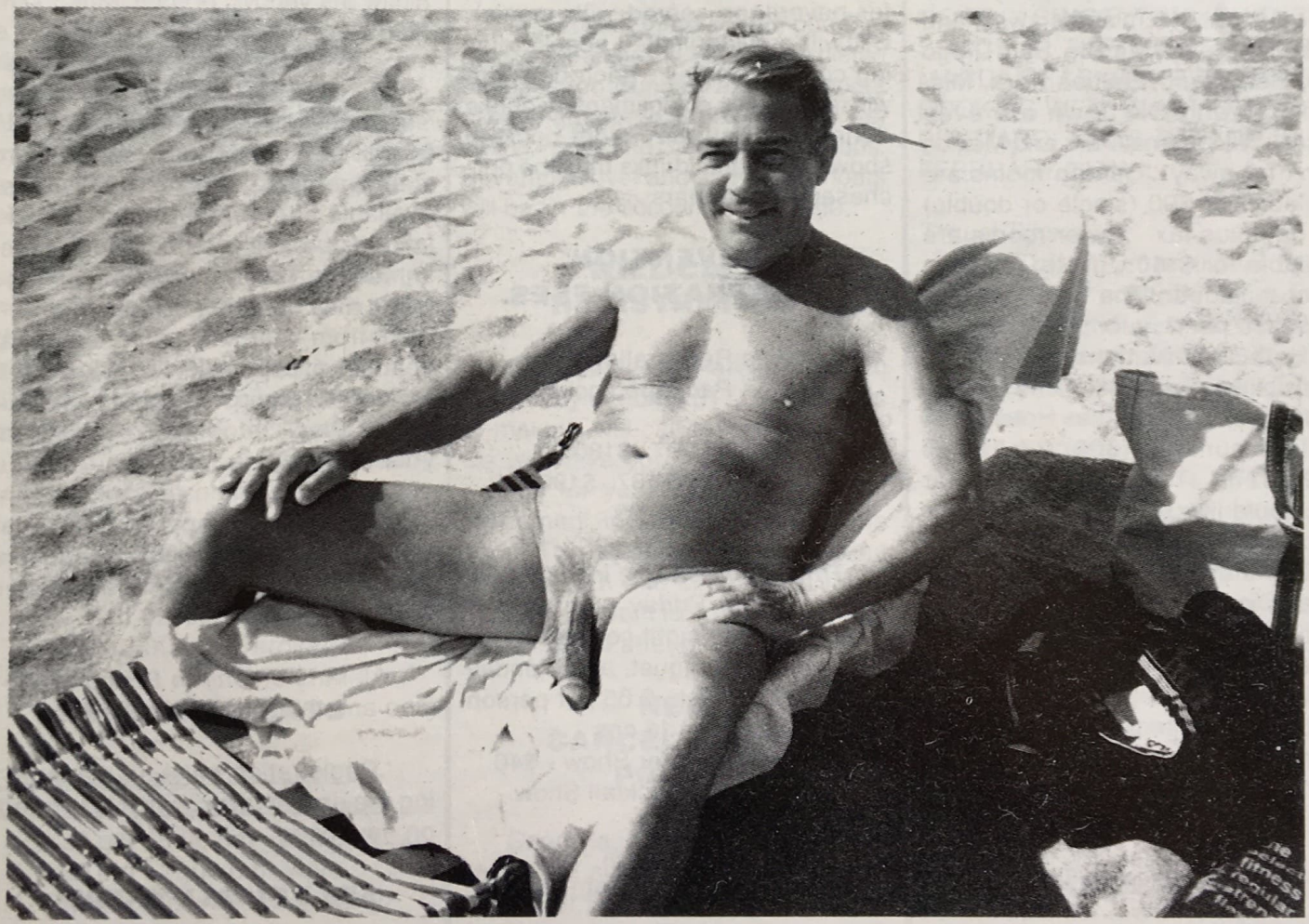
From our point of view, the issue of same-sex unions is not a moral or religious one. It is rather one of justice and equal treatment before the law. Unfortunately, the question is muddled by the straights and the religious camp on the one side, and by those gays and lesbians who seem fixated on their NOT being able to have bridal showers, march down the aisle of some place of worship, and have a clergyman mumble something over them.

This drive for a religious sanction of our relationships is ludicrous. Religions of all types have denigrated, belittled, and condemned us through the ages, and at times actually killed us. We have survived, however, and, in the face of sometimes apparently insurmountable objects, we have established partnerships and family groups that have nothing to do with birth or blood, and demonstrated love, caring, and devotion that are the more beautiful and admirable precisely because they are neither sanctioned nor required by any of our laws or our institutions.

Gays and lesbians are everywhere, and our contributions are immense and undeniable. What we should be demanding is AT LEAST the same casual recognition that is granted to a common-law relationship between men and women. We shouldn't give a damn whether our government or our religious institutions call the relationships we've established "marriage" or not. What we should demand, however, are the same respect and the same rights—and responsibilities—that similar relationships carry with them in our society.

Writer/photographer Luis Torres (Kokopelli) lives in San Antonio with his partner, CR author Tecumseh. They are two sides of the "Texas Triangle," with cover model B.J. (CR #71) as the third. They welcome either snail-mail or e-mail at TXKokopell@AOL.com or TecumsehTX@AOL.com.

VIRGINIA ERNIE



BAMA

THE 8TH ANNUAL SPRING GATHERING
MAY 8 THRU 11, 1998
TOWN & COUNTRY HOTEL, SAN DIEGO

THE HOST HOTEL & RATES

The Gathering '98 Host Hotel is the Town & Country Hotel and Convention Center, located at 500 Hotel Circle North in exquisite San Diego. Situated on 32 beautifully landscaped acres, the Town & Country is truly a city within a city. It has 1,000 rooms from ranch-style garden rooms to penthouse suites. It also boasts four restaurants, a rooftop lounge with live music (private for us), four swimming pools (two exclusively for us), and a health club offering tennis, racquetball and spa facilities. Golf and some of the best shopping in Southern California are adjacent to the hotel property. The airport is only 10 minutes away, and attractions such as the San Diego Zoo, Sea World, Balboa Park, Mission Bay and Old Town are even closer. Wild Animal Park and Mexico aren't far away. Garden rooms are available for $90 (single or double) per day plus tax. Tower rooms are available for $110. (Note: Parking is not included. The hotel charges guests $5 per day for parking.)

Hotel reservations are the responsibility of attendees and may be made by calling the Atlas Hotel chain toll-free number, (800) 77-ATLAS (772-8527). Tell the operator that you would like to make hotel reservations for the Chiron Rising Spring '98 Gathering at the Town & Country in San Diego. Foreign: call the Town & Country direct at (619) 291-7131. A prepayment of one night's deposit (by check, money order or major credit card) is required and is fully refundable if a written cancellation notice is received by the hotel more than 48 hours prior to arrival time.

THE CR EVENTS

Friday: Badge pickup, merchandise sales, reception, dinner show, DJ dancing in the rooftop nightclub (for private CRPI use for the duration of the gathering).

Saturday: Water aerobics class, workshops, art exhibit, recitals, dinner on your own, gala Las Vegas-syle cocktail show, D.J. dancing.

Sunday: Water aerobics class, workshops, art exhibit, recitals, reception, awards banquet, D.J. dancing.

Monday: Farewell Breakfast

NOTE: The Friday and Sunday cocktail parties will utilize cash bars, which means that delegates must pay for their own beverages (except for beverages served with meals). CR will provide limited snacks during cocktail parties. Each delegate will receive two complimentary drinks during the Saturday night cocktail show. Additional drinks must be purchased at cash bars.

CONVENTION REGISTRATION FEES

Advance Registration/Sales

The "A" Package, including all events

5/26 thru 8/31/97: $180.00
9/1/97 thru 12/31/97: $190.00
Thereafter: $200.00

The "B" Package, including all events except Friday night dinner show, Saturday night cocktail show, Sunday night banquet, and Monday morning breakfast: $ 85 per person

"B" Package Add-ons
B1: Friday Dinner Show - $40
B2: Saturday Cocktail Show - $40
B3: Sunday Banquet - $40
B4: Monday breakfast - $25

Note: No advance registration sales will be made after 4/30/98. Will-call only.

WILL-CALL REGISTRATION

("A" Package and Meal Passes Only)

For those who are unable to commit by April 30th, call us to make a will-call reservation, and we will have your badge or tickets waiting for you. Provide delegate agreement in advance; pay at the door. This arrangement is provided in good faith that customer will call prior to the event to confirm if he definitely cannot attent.

NEW CANCELLATION POLICY

Cancellations made before 4/30/98 will be subject to a cancellation charge of $25. No refunds will be available after 4/30/98. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, however, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from your M.D. or a copy of a death certificate. Allow 4-8 weeks for receipt of refunds. Exclude the period of May 1 through 15, 1998 from your calculations.

No cancellation fee will be assessed if customer applies entire registration amount to his subscription renewal or the purchase of additional CR merchandise.

All fans of *Chiron Rising* Magazine and their friends are invited.

Registration must be made using the proper form, which is located on next page.

SEE YOU ALL THERE!

THE 2ND ANNUAL SIMBA MARDI GRAS
FEBRUARY 20, 21, 22, 1998
HYATT REGENCY SYDNEY

THE HOST HOTEL & RATES

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Hotel reservations are the responsibility of attendees and may be made by calling (02) 9358-3881 (from the U.S., dial 011 + 61 + 2 + 9358-3881). Since we have not booked a block of rooms, we recommend that you contact your travel agent or the hotel directly to determine room rates. The hotel has offered us master account room rates of AUD 185 (about U.S. $143).

Parking is available for:
AUD 10.00 for full day or evening
AUD 15.00 for overnight

THE CR EVENTS

Friday, February 20:
5:00 pm - 6:30pm - Reception
6:30 pm - 8:00 pm - Dinner
8:00 pm - 11:00 pm - Apre Entertainment and Hospitality

Saturday, February 21:
5:00 pm - 6:30pm - Reception
6:30 pm - 8:00 pm - Dinner with Speaker
8:00 pm - 11:00 pm - Hospitality

Sunday, February 22:
9:00 am - 10:30 am - Breakfast and Farewells

CONVENTION REGISTRATION FEES

Thru 8/31/97:	U.S.$135.00
9/1/97 thru 12/31/97:	U.S.$145.00
1/1/98 thru 1/31/98:	U.S.$150

Will Call At Door: The AustralianEquivalent of U.S. $150 (about AUD 194)

Fee covers three-course gourmet meals on Friday and Saturday, a plated breakfast on Sunday, and four hours of beverage (beer, wine or soft drinks) during Friday and Saturday receptions. Beverages over and above four hours will be for the account of delegate.

WILL-CALL REGISTRATION

For those who are unable to commit by January 31, 1998, call us to make a will-call reservation, and we will have your badge or tickets waiting for you. Provide delegate agreement in advance; pay at the door. This arrangement is provided in good faith that customer will call prior to the event to confirm if he definitely cannot attent.

NEW CANCELLATION POLICY

Cancellations made before 1/31/98 will be subject to a cancellation charge of $25. No refunds will be available after 1/31/98. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, however, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from your M.D. or a copy of a death certificate. Allow 4-8 weeks for receipt of refunds.

No cancellation fee will be assessed if customer applies entire registration amount to his subscription renewal or the purchase of additional CR merchandise.

All fans of *Chiron Rising* Magazine and their friends are invited.

Registration must be made using the proper form, which is located on next page.

NOTE: SINCE THIS EVENT IS SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF GAY MARDI GRAS, WE RECOMMEND BOOKING WELL IN ADVANCE. THE BIG MARDI GRAS PARADE IS ON FEBRUARY 28TH.

Travel Tips:

1) Talk to your travel agent about special partially refundable rates for travel during the middle of the week on both Air New Zealand and Qantas, as well as United. Some fares are less than a third of the full economy fare.

2) Allow at least two weeks minimum to attend our function and to see other sights in Australia. As long as you're there, you might as well see as much as you can of this paradise.

3) If you're serious about going, contact us and we will place you in touch with others who may be interested in accompanying you on trips to other areas.

TRAVEL AGENTS WELCOME TO SET UP GROUPS DEPARTING FROM MAJOR U.S. CITIES.

CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.
CRPI EVENTS DIVISION
STANDARD REGISTRATION FORM AND DELEGATE AGREEMENT

(NOTE: ONE FORM PER DELEGATE, PLEASE)

NAME _____ CONVENTION _____
(please print legibly)
ADDRESS _____ PACKAGE SELECTED _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____ AMOUNT ENCLOSED $_____

COUNTRY/PROVINCE _____ I WILL _____/ WILL NOT _____ BE STAYING AT THE HOST HOTEL

BADGE FIRST NAME _____

I WILL BE ROOMING WITH

CR MODEL NAME _____ _____

STANDARD DELEGATE AGREEMENT

1. AGREEMENT: This agreement is entered into between Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. and the above named delegate, hereinafter called "Delegate".

2. DAMAGE RESPONSIBILITY: Delegate is responsible for any damage he causes to be done to the host hotel in excess of normal wear during the dates of the convention or for the duration of his stay.

3. INDEMNITY: Delegate agrees to indemnify and hold harmless the hotel and Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. against all claims, damages, losses and expenses, including, but not limited to attorney's fees, arising out of or resulting from errors, omissions, or negligent or intentional acts committed by Delegate.

4. APPAREL: Delegate agrees to refrain from wearing in public: costumes, cross-dressing apparel, or clothing with sexually explicit or offensive inscriptions thereon.

5. BADGES: Delegate agrees to wear the CR-provided badge at all times during functions and understands that he will not be granted entrance to such functions without one.

6. CAMERAS: Delegate agrees to confine any videography to areas outside the function rooms and to get permission from subjects prior to taping. Delegate understands that still photography is allowed in all areas, provided permission is granted by photographed subjects.

7. CONDUCT: Delegate agrees not to indulge in a) sexual or sexually suggestive behavior (including passionate kissing) outside the private rooms; b) offensive behavior, including the verbal or physical abuse of another; c) or disruptive or potentially damaging behavior caused by intoxication.

8. CONFISCATION AND EXPULSION: Delegate understands that the breach of this agreement could result in confiscation of his video cassette, his expulsion from the convention without refund, or both, contingent upon the final decision by the Event Directors.

I have carefully read, fully understand, and agree to abide by the above agreement.
Signature: _____
Date: _____

Signature: _____
Patrick H. Colley, President & CEO

Please make a copy of this agreement for yourself and send the signed original to:

Chiron Rising Publications, Inc.
P.O. Box 2589
Victorville, CA 92393
TEL: (760) 868-6371; FAX: (760) 868-0328
E-MAIL: CRPI@Qnet.com

CR PRICE LIST AND ORDER FORM

MAGAZINES

SUBSCRIPTIONS	U.S. FIRST CLASS AIRMAIL- CANADA/MEXICO CENTRAL/SO AMERICA	AIR MAIL ELSEWHERE
6 bimonthly issues of CR.	42.00	55.00
3 bimonthly issues of CR.	22.00	29.00
(CR Classics Magazine has been discontinued)		
CR BACK ISSUES: 70 thru 78	8.00 EA	10.00 EA
CRC BACK ISSUES: 7, 8	8.00 EA	10.00 EA
(CR 58 thru 69, CRC 2 thru 6, and CRC 9 SOLD OUT)		

Note: Postage and handling charges are included in the above pricing. Not subject to sales tax.

PERSONAL AD

BASIC AD: _____ Words @ 30 cents per word X _____ Issues = $ _____
CODE WORD: @ 5.00 X _____Issues= _____
TELEPHONE VERIFICATION @10 (one time charge per ad) _____

OTHER MERCHANDISE

	BASE PRICE, ALL LOCATIONS
BOOK: QUINCUNX by P.H. Colley - (Perfect bound soft cover)	5.95 EA
APPAREL: CAP WITH CR LOGO	8.00 EA
T-SHIRT WITH CR LOGO (Circle size - L, XL, XXL, XXXL)	17.00 EA
OTHER MERCHANDISE SHIPPING AND HANDLING: (Choose one and add to order)	
Priority Mail - Cont. U.S., HI, AK, PR; 1st Class Can., Mex., Cen/So America	3.00 per order
Air Mail Postage - Europe	6.00 per order
Air Mail Postage - Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim	8.00 per order
ADD SALES TAX for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Total Base Price	

TOTAL ENCLOSED U.S. $ _____

METHOD OF PAYMENT: Check ❑ Money Order ❑ VISA ❑ MASTER CARD ❑ AMERICAN EXPRESS ❑

Credit Card # _____ Expiration _____

Signature (the signing of this form authorizes the above charges): _____

ALLOW 2 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY FOREIGN CUSTOMS. Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (postal money order or American Express Moneygram only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. SEND CASH AT YOUR OWN RISK. Mail to CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____
CITY/ST (PROVINCE)/ZIP (CODE):_____
COUNTRY (If other than U.S.A.): _____
I certify that I am over the age of 18, having been born on Day ____/ Month ____/ Year ____.

Signature: _____

MINIMUM ORDER AMOUNT: $10.00

HOW TO ORDER A CLASSIFIED AD

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD NO LATER THAN:
6/15/97 FOR CR 80; 8/15/97 FOR CR 81; 10/15/97 FOR CR 82; 12/15/97FOR CR 83

1. On a sheet of paper, type or legitably PRINT your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost by filling out the previous form.

2. Multiply the number of words by 30 ¢ and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.

3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)*, you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.

4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER" OR A BLANK SPACE. YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION. YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

SAMPLE AD ORDER

DEAR CHIRON RISING,

PLEASE PLACE THE FOLLOWING AD IN YOUR NEXT AVAILABLE ISSUE UNDER UTAH:
(NOTE: THE WORD COUNT IS INTENDED FOR A GUIDE FOR CUSTOMER. NOT REQUIRED FOR AD.)

"SALT LAKE CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-8", 187#, bald with white fringe, seeks 30-65,
(word count) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
preferably hairy and stocky, for friendship and more. I enjoy skiing, hiking, camping, fishing, cooking,
16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
traveling, and gardening. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply.
31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45
Write: J.D., 1840 Calle Donde Esta, Salt Lake City, UT 84199, or call (801) 555-1212."
46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 ————59———

My name and address: John Derringer
1840 Calle Donde Esta
Salt Lake City, UT 84199

The pricing calculation for my ad is enclosed (from page 55).

I authorize the printing of the above ad and take full responsibility for any incident or relationship resulting therefrom. I am over the age of 18.

Signed: _____

ORDERS NOT USING THE ABOVE FORMAT WILL BE RETURNED. PLEASE NOTE THAT WE DO NOT SEND NOTICES OUT THAT YOUR AD IS EXPIRING. THE DATE PRECEDING YOUR AD IS YOUR EXPIRATION DATE.

BODY VIGOROUS

A CUTTING EDGE LOOK AT
MATURE MEN'S HEALTH ISSUES

NEW HEART DRUGS

Studies presented at the American College of Cardiology's annual meeting in Anaheim indicate that a new class of drugs known as IIa/IIb inhibitors may have dramatic effects. The inhibitors stop the action of platelets—blood cells that clump together to form clots, which in turn cause heart attacks and strokes. Researchers say the inhibitors reduce heart attacks in patients with unstable angina by about half. Cardiologists at the convention agree that the drugs are going to make a tremendous impact on the treatment of severe chest pain. So far one IIa/IIb inhibitor, Centocor's ReoPro, has received FDA's approval, and it is being used to improve the success rates of procedures such as angioplasty to unblock clogged arteries. It is expected that many cardiologists will begin using the ReoPro for unstable angina patients right away, even without data showing that it works for that condition. The demand for usage of the drug for unstable angina is expected to be intense, and doctors are convinced that it will save many lives.

HEART ATTACKS AND INFLAMMATION

According to an article in the New England Journal of Medicine, inflammation that builds up over years in blood vessels appears to play a significant role in heart attacks and strokes. If confirmed by further research, antibiotics, vaccines or anti-inflammatory drugs could be used to treat or prevent heart disease. Researchers believe the microscopic inflammation could stem from certain common infections such as herpes or chlamydia. The theory is that an infection sends disease-fighting cells to blood vessel walls, where they stimulate the growth of cells that contribute to artery clogging. A blood test for levels of C-reactive protein, a marker for inflammation, may be a new way to predict who is at risk for heart attacks and strokes. In a study of 543 men who were healthy when the research began and later had a heart attack or stroke, scientists concluded that those with higher levels of the protein had three times greater risk of heart attack, double the stroke risk, and a 56% lower heart attack risk if they took aspirin.

Less than a week after reading the above, we received this letter:

"Scientists are now rethinking the causes of several major diseases, especially in light of the recent discovery that ulcers are caused by a bacterial infection and not stress. Apparently there is a suspicion that stress is not a major culprit in heart attacks either. There's lots of talk going on in the medical community about a bacteria called Chlamydia pneumoniae, which is closely related to the sexually transmitted Chlamydia trachomatis. Strong evidence is coming out that C. pneumoniae makes its way into the walls of various blood vessels, where it lingers and produces inflammation. And researchers now say that such vascular inflammation is one of the main causes of atherosclerosis and resulting heart attacks. A doctor friend explained it thusly: Macrophages (immune cells) become infected with C. pneumoniae and head for the bloodstream. When an infected macrophage burrows into the wall of a blood vessel to do its normal duty—clear away fat and cholesterol—it transfers the C. pneumoniae into arterial cells, which in turn become infected and attract even more macrophages. These immune cells pig out on diseased tissue and die, creating more and more inflammation and leaving behind a big glob of plaque. The plaque later breaks off, causing strokes and heart attacks. What's so scary is that this microbe is quite common and is spread through coughs and sneezes. It starts as a flu-like respiratory condition and sometimes progresses into pneumonia. My doctor friend predicts that mounting evidence will prove that our leading cause of death—heart attacks—is probably contagious and can be easily controlled by common antibiotics." J.B./Kansas City

(continued on next page)

OBESITY REVISITED

"I've been following your articles on men's health with great interest. I am a health care professional who is especially interested in the study of obesity. A word of advice: you should ask your doctor about "serotonin crisis." A patient on Prozac should never take appetite suppressants such as fenfluramine, phentermine, or Redux. Like Prozac, these affect serotonin levels in the brain and can contribute to the crisis. This year two other diet medications are up for FDA approval, and one especially seems made just for people like you: people with metabolic disorders as opposed to eating disorders. It is a substance called sibutramine, which will be marketed by Knoll pharmaceutical under the trade name Meridia. It manipulates brain chemistry and makes patients feel full. In animal studies it was found to speed up metabolism, but then so does "speed," except in a different way. The other medication is more for people with eating disorders. It is orlistat, marketed as Xenical from Hoffmann-LaRoche. It blocks some fat from being digested by the intestine and doesn't affect the central nervous system. Of course, this is only the first generation of a whole lot of new drugs coming down the pike. More selective medications are being created to specifically treat things like night eating, fat cravings, binge eating and metabolic disorders. We in the business must continue to stress, however, that exercise and healthy life-style are of paramount importance in any regimen." D.F.G/NEW YORK

Apparently "serotonin crisis" is getting a lot of attention lately. My doctor also warned me about it about the time I received the letter from D.F.G. As a result, I'll have to wait and see what sibutramine can do. D.F.G. didn't specify which brain chemicals were affected, however. If serotonin is one of them, then I won't even bother. I read that over the next 10 years or so, a whole bunch of new drugs will be developed through cell biology. Some are expected to more gently increase metabolism while others will cause the burning of stored body fat. Let's hope that I don't have to wait that long.

DHEA: PRO AND CON

"Thanks for your article on DHEA in #77. I am now trying it and have noticed a big difference in my arthritis. Was taking up to eight Advil a day. Now I take none. Hope the gathering is great. Have four more years until retirement. Maybe I can make it then." W.H./ALABAMA

"I found DHEA made me a little bit edgy and grew the six hairs I have a little longer, but it didn't grow any more hairs. It didn't give me more energy (but friends report it did them), nor did it cause me to eat less or lose weight. I continue to take it because I still have a few left." HOLLING THOMAS/WASHINGTON

Obviously it didn't help Bruce or me to lose weight either. We likewise keep taking it because there's still some there. Many other readers, however, still swear by it and insist that they've benefitted greatly. We're convinced that it works for a lot of people.

PROSTATE CANCER

The following new treatment strategy is under development by the American Cancer Society:

1) Immune system cells, called dendrites, are extracted from patient's blood. These cells are capable of activating the body's cancer-killing T-cells and multiplying them by the millions.

2) The new dendrites are infused with a component of prostate tumor cells so they can recognize those tumor cells in the body.

3) The "trained" dendrites are injected back into the bloodstream, whereupon they travel to immune system tissues such as lymph nodes, spleen and liver, where they draw a crowd of cancer-killing T-cells. Each dendrite will activate 100 T-cells.

5) The T-cells then move out to all parts of the body, seeking and destroying prostate cancer cells, wherever they hide.

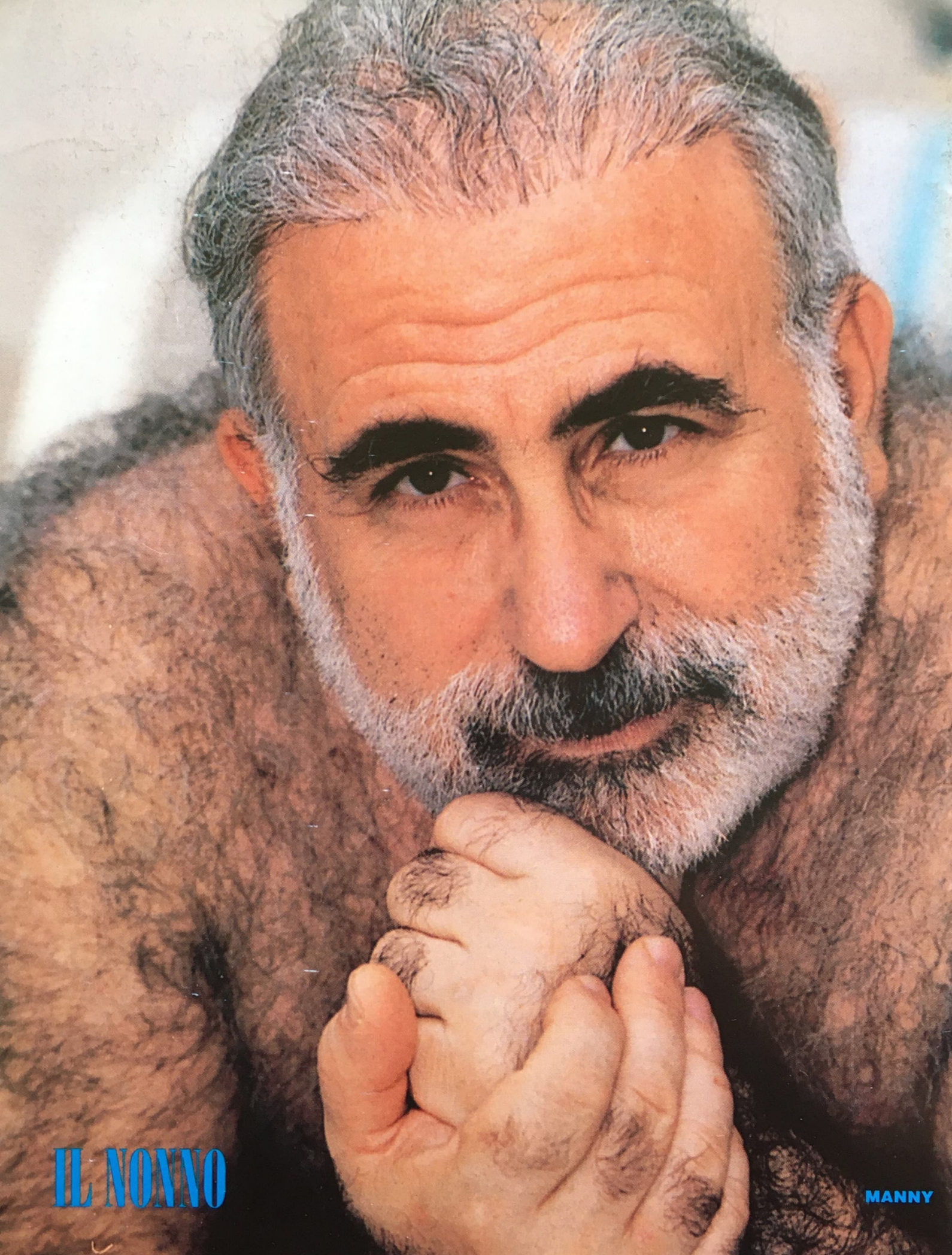
Phase one studies—to test for toxicity—have already been done with no side effects reported. Phase two studies—to test the effectiveness of the therapy—are under way. Scientists are very excited about this strategy, because it could be adapted to other cancers and would be much less expensive and less complicated than gene therapy approaches. They are calling it a "hallmark discovery." It is quite rare to see such a promising development in advance disease.

If you have some information on men's health you'd like to share with the rest of us, drop us a line. We would like to establish a lively and beneficial forum in these pages so that we will all start thinking and talking more about health issues.

To your good health!

Bruce & Pat

BLUE EYES
coventain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